

THE
L I F E
AND
O P I N I O N S
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

Ὁμοθαμνεῖν μὲν, μὴ ὁμοδογματεύειν δέ.



L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year M D C C L X.



THE
LIFE and OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

IF ever I grow poor (and I am already an author) I will never apply myself to an old man for relief. For I have experienced that my own heart grows harder and harder every year. This makes me think with such extravagant pleasure on my infant days, when I was benevolence and good humour all over; I dare say my intentions before I was born (if I had any then) were to be the kindest man in —shire. Bless your dear soul! cries

my old nurse when she reads this chapter, you were the sweetest little dear that ever woman bore, the man was happy that begot you, and the bed was blest you were begotten in.—Yes, good mother, that is all very true; but I must go on with my history.

My aunt *Dinah*, though she might have otherwise comforted my mother perhaps not a little by imparting some portion of the great experience she had had in bearing children, could, if she had been so well disposed, have been of no use to my mother; because my mother had all her life abhorred the sight of a wh—. For it was by such an uncourtly name, that she constantly spoke of my poor aunt. To say the truth, my father was the only one in the family, who was highly delighted with

with Madam *Dinah's* amours. Hardly a day went over his head, in which some impertinent sceptic of a lawyer, or a parson did not doubt his system of names. And in these altercations my aunt's loss of chastity and constant progression in fornication were of singular service to the good man. His grateful heart has carried him sometimes so far as to make him affirm, she did honour to the family more than even his brother *Tobias*. There has not been, says he, a greater example of the truth of my hypothesis since the year 1***, when *Simon ap Shandy*.—But the story of *Simon ap Shandy*, will be enough in all conscience for a chapter.

CHAP. II.

DIDST thou not imagine, reader, that I was going directly to tell thee of *Simon ap Shandy*? there thou art sadly out. I have something else to do,



something else to do.

CHAP. III.

THERE is nothing your writers of tragedy pique themselves more upon than keeping their audience in a painful suspense. And there is nothing I pique myself more upon, than keeping my reader in a pleasing suspense. And when it is not convenient for me

to do just as he, she, or they would have me; that is, when I do not care to proceed in so straight a line of narration as people have been used to; I take care to keep them, though not in quite a good humour, in a state nearly approaching it. If I go over a stile into a meadow, and leave you in a dirty lane; I constantly throw over the first flower I find, though it be but a thistle, for the emolument of your nose while your feet are in the mire. And now I am glad I have mentioned a thistle; since here I may consign over to immortality the name of *Bossenville*, a friar I met with in *France*.

This holy father was in his younger days a rake of the first magnitude, who frequently boasted he had corrupted more virgins than there are windows,

nay, than there are panes of glass, in
 the church of *Notre Dame*. In vain,
 he had had recourse to prayers, beads,
 crosses, and confessions. In vain, had
Corneille and *Racine* declared their power
 of purging the passions. He heard
 what they said, and was pleased with
 what they sung; but the better of the
 two could never prevent him from
 winding his arms round the first willing
 female he found. The inimitable sonnet
 of the penitent *Barreaux* had been got
 by rote to little purpose. He said it
 was pretty, and affirmed it a shame for
 a rational creature to spend forty years
 of his life in watching like *Linnaeus's*
 male plant for a convenient feminine re-
 ceptacle for his *semen provolans*. But
 never never knew he what it was to be
 practically wise, till the *carduus bene-*

diælus fortiter pungens was prescribed him twice a day by an itinerant vender of religious consolation. He had the resolution to apply it with his own hand, and in less than one month experienced the salutary effects of it. His blood ran leisurely along, and distributed its heat in all parts of his body. His pulse beat as much in his hand as in any other part less apparent. He went into a convent, examined, and confessed with the cold charity of the *chartreux*. The young women, who could only have their sins forgiven, wondered what he meant; and concluded him an exceedingly odd man, or what they had hoped before from fathers was ill-grounded. He lived till last year in great repute for his whimsical sanctity, and before he died, had the needless beneficence

neficence of sending me over his antidote inclosed in a fine morocco binding, and resembling a gilded overgrown *John Fox*, in all respects but in what it contained, which was a very large thistle inscribed in golden letters on the stalk, *A purge for a passion.*

CHAP. IV.

MY father got up from his chair, and, walking twice round the room, was entering on his third revolution, when a thought came into his head, that fixed his feet on the spot, and his eyes on the chair. I am thinking, brother *Toby*, says he, what must be done with the boy, if—— If! if what, if! brother. How are you sure it will be a boy?—So there again, said my

my father, you are as ignorant of what belongs to the begetting of children, as my wife is to sense and argument.—Then, said my uncle, sense and argument are not necessary in the begetting of children; for my sister is a special breeder, and, you say, she has neither.—The woman indeed, replied my father, is not endowed with great sanity of intellects; but what has that to do with the purpose? in generation (but you are so unhappily ignorant of it, brother,) in generation the woman is but little different from being entirely passive. The disposition, figure, situation, number, activity, &c. &c. &c. of the homunculi depend on the male. It is his business to adjust all these matters. But to make it plainer to you—you have seen a pudding made, and consequently

quently the great variety of ingredients, such as sugar, salt, flour, milk, brandy, raisins, orange, lemon, cloves, and cinnamon. The pudding-bowl is brainless, but hinders not the pudding it receives from obtaining the true nature and delicate smack of *English* pudding.

In generation * * * * *

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* * * *, you mean, said my uncle interrupting him.—Ah! *Toby*, you have never read a book, entitled, *Conjugal Love*.---Yes, but I have, said *Toby*.

At least I have read the title of it; for I found it in the middle of my *Stevinus*; and when I had read a page or two, finding there was bawdy in it, I tore the leaves in halves down from the top to the bottom, and pasted them without order on the decayed cover of my *Monsf.*

Blondel.

Blondel.---One would have thought, said my father, you might have been contented barely to tear them out one by one without——Indeed I might as well have done as you say, brother; though I had my reasons for it. However they have done me no good; for my maid or *Gunston's* man (I know not which) has made a shift to read it, and pick out a receipt for producing a very fine lad.---There, brother, said my father, did I not tell you that the science of generation depends on as certain and as reasonable rules as any other?---Fortification, brother, answered *Toby*, give me leave to observe, is a kind of compound or aggregate of many others. Since a master of it must necessarily be first acquainted with arithmetic and
 geo-

geometry, the doctrine of projectiles, * &c. And then he will stand in need of the experience of others to regulate his dispositions, and correct his conclusions by.---Nay, if you go to that, said my father, in no other science can the professor of it be so much benefited by the experience of his predecessors or contemporaries, as in this of generation; for I will be bold to say there has not slept within this roof for four hundred years a man, yourself only excepted, who has not been in some degree or other capable of contributing to the common system from his own practical observations.---Do you think then, said my uncle *Toby*, that the *Shandy* family has been always made up of folks like

* This &c. consists of fundry things, the names of which are not easily come at.

your-

yourself?---No, not that neither, there is a wide difference between being such a man as I am, and doing or knowing some one thing in common with me. The *Shandies* (for I scorn to lie for my ancestors) have been some of them rascals, and may be some of them fools.---And are fools, brother, as well acquainted with this work of generation as wise men?----Acquainted? when we talk, brother, it is necessary to be exact in our terms *. Acquainted? He [a fool I mean] cannot be much acquainted with the doctrine of homunculi, and the exact philosophical management of animalculæ.---I understand you, brother, said

* One of those sharp-fighted remarkers whose wonderful eyes discover the sun at noon, would have gone on to tell us how often people fall out about words, when they mean the same. But my father was not the man. *Shandy* for that!

Toby.

Toby. It is thus ; a man, who knows nothing of fortification, may, by long making figures at random with a pair of compasses, happen to hit upon the exact measurement of a salient angle, though, when he has made it, he knows not what it is. And so, I suppose, you allow a fool may happen to beget a wise child, though when he has, he knows it not.

CHAP. V.

I Have wished myself in the world for this half hour ; for before I was born, I lived the most insipid life you can conceive, good lady. Well ! my father was going to say all through the last chapter, that if I should be born with my head foremost, it would be a thou-

thousand wonders if I was not a dunce. But before he got himself safely delivered of his sentence, my mother was safely delivered of me. *Jenny*, my dear *Jenny* was then six years old, and was as near as she could get to the scene of this important event.---(Here I must stop to put my reader in mind how oddly favourite sayings and scraps of *Latin* may pass through families directly or collaterally.)----The midwife's grandfather had been a schoolmaster, who, on meeting with provocation, (whether from bad *Latin* or bad liquor) used to cry out, quoting *Ovid*, *Tristium! Tristium!* This exclamation descended to his first-born daughter, but underwent a little alteration into *Tristam*; which, for the greater disagreeableness of sound, her daugh-

ter the midwife changed into *Tristram*.
Tristram! Tristram! says she, here he comes!--To tell the reader the plain truth, I was so exceedingly ugly the moment I appeared, that even the supple conscience of a midwife could not pronounce me a fine boy, and my father's picture. *Tristram! Tristram!* says she, he is no more like the squire, than my boy *Tom* is like my booby of an husband.--I have got advantages by this remark, both for my reader and myself. Of mine I shall say nothing; but you will hardly know your's without my telling it you. O good people, how dull ye are! you ought to observe from the midwife's words, that a woman will sometimes confess herself in a fault. No more, said she, than my boy *Tom* is like my booby of an husband.

husband!---Indeed it is likely that of all women a midwife knows best who begets her children. A thousand circumstances may happen to confound another, and prevent her from acquiring knowledge of the *principium individui*, in fathers. But probably a midwife will take more care ; since every time she has an opportunity, she is, or ought to be improving her speculations in obstetrical concerns.

The first thing I remember that befel me after my appearance was, what provoked me to an intolerable degree. Taking advantage of my weakness and incapacity for revenge, a fury, who had stood sometime prepared for this operation, crammed at least half a pound of butter down my throat. I belched, spued, whined, kicked, flung, scratch-

ed, spit, and shewed every symptom in my power, how heartily I could wish to beat out the brains of the infernal administratrix; but the stupid plague was so far from understanding me, that she joined with the others in an ill-natured grin, and rejoiced at my unhappiness, declaring it would do me an abundance of good when the fit was over.

CHAP. VI.

IF the next chapter has any meaning, it serves to shew that almost any man may be great, who sets his heart firmly upon it. And that those, who grow rich, generally grow rascals.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

ON the most barren part of a very high hill in *Wales*, about fifty years ago, says an old manuscript, was born *Simon ap Shandy*. His father and mother not being able to afford him a domestic tutor, he was sent, as soon as he had strength to carry a fatchel five miles a day, to the parish school. And here it was that first appeared some glimmerings of that genius that was to raise him on the backs of other men.

His master was the son of a decayed peruke-maker in the parish, who, besides his father's art of frizzling and greasing hair, had learnt in the squire's kitchen, the science of brightening knives and forks. In this last, he was eminent

enough to pass into a proverb, which
 is been done out of *Welsh* into *English*,
 and runs thus,

*No knife or fork was ever so eaten with
 rust,*

*But Floyd can clean it with industry and
 brick-dust.*

Long had he been occupied in this ingenious and honest employ, before his parts were properly noticed by the squire; who, at last, however, was heard to declare that it should go hard, if *Floyd* did not, before he died, rise to be clerk of the parish, or school-master at least. To forward this his good intention, fortune may be said to have turned her wheel half round; for the gentleman, who then swayed the birchen sceptre, was a proper tall man, and
 hap-

happening about a month after to be at a market town some miles off, had the good or bad luck to be pressed into his majesty's service. And he was soon succeeded by Mr. *Floyd*, who, on the death of his father, was besides appointed barber to the landlord and all his dependants.

And now was *Floyd* upon the summit of his ambition, when young *Simon ap Shandy* was received under his care. Happy was it for the youth! for hearing daily encomiums on the generosity and sharpightedness of the squire, who had thus exalted *Floyd*; *Shandy* wisely concluded that to be a favourite with the squire's son, was no bad step to begin with. The squire's son was a booby of thirteen, who loved nothing in the world but laziness, and his

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guts.

guts. And to his indulging of them both, young *Ap* was resolved to contribute whatever he could. For this purpose he would walk on an holiday to the sea-shore, to pick up wrecked apples, oranges, or what else chance should throw in the way. These were always presented to clodpate, who was by this means sometimes prevailed on to lose his weekly allowance to *Shandy* at cards.

With this money he bought paper, pens, and ink; and being a shrewd lad, made a shift in two years time to get the better of poor clodpate, and be in a capacity of translating his evening's task for him out of *Martinus Corderius*. And now they were got together, his master held up his hands and wondered at their learning. To

be short, it was soon thought expedient by the landlord to remove his son to another school; which was accordingly about to be put in execution, when clodpate's bones, mouth, head, and belly pleaded so hard for *Sbandy*, that he too was taken from his present instructor, and they were both conveyed together, at the expence, and in the old coach, of the squire to *England*.

While they were here, little happened but a repetition of what *Sbandy* had done, and his patron not done before. Except that he had like several times to have been wrested out of his allegiance by some boys, whose friendship he would think more promising. But he as often returned to his duty, when he reflected on his patron's capacity; for those, said he to himself, who can
enter-

entertain as well as be entertained, may always find people enow to their mind ; and consequently may be disposed to shake me off in an ill humour. But clodpate must never part with me ; for no other will feed his belly out of his own mouth, and write his exercise out of his own play time.

From this school they were sent to the university, and here ended the connection. For clodpate happening to get out one day as he lolled in a chair, that *Shandy* was a good-natured young man of no fortune, a sprightly unfociated young nobleman, who overheard him, took him violently out of his hands, and of a good-natured young man, made him the honestest fellow in the world. In his service, *Shandy* bribed porters, and corrupted
bed-

bed-makers; sung obscene songs,
 cracked lewd jests, broke many pipes,
 and wasted much tobacco. All this
 was done, as some say, against his con-
 science; but others, with greater shew
 of reason, affirm, that it was not with,
 nor without the approbation of his con-
 science, he having never been known
 to betray any tokens of possessing any.
 But let that pass; it is certain his good
 offices were done with a very grave
 face; and hence he got the nick-name
 of the bawdy bishop. But it was not
 so much that title, as the valuable talent
 of dissimulation that hindered every
 body from examining into the real state
 of his worth and knowledge; that pre-
 vented its being seen that his learning
 consisted in reserved cunning, and his
 honesty

honesty in speaking fair to every one,
and regarding the good of none.

“ *His soul*
“ *Sate still at squat, and peep'd not from*
its bole.”

True it is, as his face grew generally known, he has been more than once suspected of some design. But he had the knack of finding out what men like to talk about, and when he had reason to apprehend the conversation would come home to “his bosom and “business,” he had the address to fix the discourse himself. When he took care by hitting the turn of his companion, whether poet, philosopher, or fox-hunter, to engage him unawares in his own way, and darken the window

dow

dow suspected to be opening in his breast. Having thus by becoming all things to all men deserved a good living, he learnt to play at back-gammon, took orders, was made chaplain to a lord, and is now astride a bishoprick.

In his present high station, he may be considered as a finished pattern of constancy and inflexibility. Knowing by what unworthy steps he rose, he scorns longer to flatter his friends in their vices and follies; and often orders a sermon against prostitution and venality, against giving money for past services, and against the idle expectations of upstarts*.

* To take away at once from the ill-natured reader the exquisite delight of application, the author solemnly declares he knows of no man living or dead this story can agree to.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

THE infernal potion that I have mentioned to you I must never forget. It had such an effect upon me, that you may well be astonished at my being alive to complain of it. About an hour after my birth, I grew so exceedingly ill, that my mother was very impatient to have me baptized. [Turn back to Vol. I. Chap. 20.] My father was of opinion it could signify very little. He reasoned about merit and free agency with the fluency of an S. T. P. but it was lost labour. My mother grew more uneasy; and the midwife declared if the sacred rite was not immediately administered, my mother and I would both of us die that minute.

minute. There would; to be sure, have been difference enough in our success afterwards; for hell was the best habitation that could be afforded me. The very thought of it put my mother into a sweat. What, said she, weak as she was, is there no rector, vicar, or curate to rescue my dear boy from the devil?---None in my house, answered my father mildly, and---and! interrupted my mother, is this a time, my dear, for ands? *Obadiab! Obadiab! Obadiab!* What? none in the house to do any thing for me?---Dearest dear, said my father, it was your own desire that they should all be out of hearing.---Yes; but were they never to return? O unfortunate mother! O undone child! ---Keep thy temper, said my father. Ay, be composed; added the midwife,

I will!

I will baptize your son.---You will baptize him!---Yes, I will; did I not baptize my young Lord *****? it is but saying---Hold thy profane tongue, said my mother.---Hold thy foolish tongue, said my father. I will have no midwives pretend to charm my children out of their sins.---Pretend! said the midwife, marry, Sir, I scorn your words. Bring the curate, and may I never more wish peace to a beg-bellied woman, if I do not deliver young master from the dangers of hell and damnation as soon and as cleverly as any university man of them all.---That may be, said my father; but let me tell thee, if thou dost not this moment desist from thy nonsense, down stairs. this moment thou shalt go!---

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To cut short the dialogue, my father, for all his bluster, was overpowered; and a basin of water was every drop of it dashed most unmercifully, by the hands of the enraged *Lucina*, full in the face of poor me. Alas! said I to myself, what savage world am I got into? at my very entrance am I to be both choaked and drowned? Alas! alas! why did I long for daylight?—My mother blest her stars for what she was pleased to call an inestimable advantage of mine, and I curst my stars for what I found myself obliged to believe an inexpressible piece of cruelty.—

Here it is likely Mr. What-d'ye-call-him will cry out, what stuff is this! if he be a parson!——Oh! what indignity! if he be a preben-

dary of *York*!----But pr'ythee, dear friend, be not in a passion. This happened in my early youth, when my soul was bare and naked of instruction. And, though I have the highest opinion of you now, I question whether you yourself did not make a wry face at a font some time or other. I give this hint, to avoid, if I can, all hard names and unjust reflexions. Truly digressions are absolutely necessary every minute to bespeak peace of some one or other furious reader.---

Well! no sooner was the water thrown thus in my face, than (strange to tell, and unintelligible to a fair lady!) it seemed to flow out at my other end. To speak clearly, I bepist.----What?----not my breeches; (I had none,) but the petticoats of *Lucina*.
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This pleased us both ; she thought herself happy to be the first so distinguished ; and I was rejoiced to think myself partly revenged on her.

C H A P. IX.

IT was forty three minutes and a half past six o'clock in the evening, when I, *Tristram Shandy*, came into this world. You have heard how I was afterwards used ; and how my father and mother had like to have quarrelled about my concerns before they themselves believed I had any. About eleven the same evening came supper, and so greatly by this time was I in favour, that they drank my health and strength till a large quantity of drink was irrecoverably swallowed up.---Now let me lament the mistakes and ill

judgment of new born babes. There is a certain word often repeated on those solemn occasions, which, to avoid the imputation of profaneness, I will not put down here; only so much is necessary to say, that in a pair of unripe ears it may produce a sound much resembling *kissing*, which was actually the case with me. Unluckily *kissing* was the first word I ever uttered; which being understood not as I intended it, or rather not as I intended it not, gave rise to a conversation of some warmth between my father and uncle.---You see, brother, said *Toby*, what your generation comes to. You are so immersed yourself in that kind of conceits, that your very babes think of it the first thought they have.---Speak of it the first word they speak! you mean,

said

said my father. And why should they not?---Should they not! answered *Toby* provoked. How can they but be brought up in a total ignorance and abhorrence of every thing else, that are born in a manner brimfull of the desires of procreation? fortification, and the arts may well be neglected, when men will beget such creatures!---And what would become of fortification and the arts, said my father, if generation was put a stop to?---Yes, but brother, said my uncle, had you not better spend your time in improving folks already begotten, than employ yourself in producing others as bad as they? generation must go on, you say; but there are people enow good for nothing else. What upon the face of the earth is neighbour *Gunston*, neighbour *Morton*,

and the rest of them fit for, but such unclean purposes? but your education, your understanding, brother, (and looked at my father's head) should set you above such unworthy, such unmanly pursuits.---By your looking so steadfastly at my forehead, said my father, one would think you had found some reasons there for not being overfond of matrimonial duties.---Reasons? ay, reasons.---Horns, I suppose, you mean. Do you see any such reasons?---Said my uncle, you have two——Two horns! said my father, you distract me, brother!---As I hope to make a map, said *Toby*, I do not understand you. Horns! horns! what are horns to the purpose? ---Nay, for that matter, said my father, many kings and emperors have been contented to put up with the

wearing of them.---To be sure, said *Toby*, I have heard, that fondness for gold and silver, and gaudy costly apparel were not so common in former days as now. There may, for ought I can tell, have been a time when kings wore horn buttons.---You would provoke a stone, brother, said my father. Did you never know what it is to wear horns? happy you! had you been married as I am, (fetching a sigh) you might have been acquainted with them before now. To be cuckolded is what none would endure!---To be cuckolded? brother, said my uncle. Your transitions are so quick and so distant, that I profess I cannot keep pace with you.—No, said my father; without a wife, it would be hard to keep pace with a cuckold. You say I wear horns,

and am a cuckold. How should you keep pace with me? you have no wife. It is well for you!—Why, brother, brother, said *Toby*, it is not long since you were lamenting my case in not being so happy as to have made any connection with the fair sex; and now you say it is well for me I have no wife. Is this consistent with your systematic wisdom? you contradict yourself strangely.—What the devil! brother, said my father growing warmer, did you never hear, that to say a man wears horns, is as much as to say he is a cuckold, and his wife a whore? —Never in my whole life, replied my undesigning uncle! never in all the days of my breath! my sister is, in my opinion, another *Diana*.—And I, according to what you have been saying
ano-

another *Ædon*. But, *Toby*, you are so strangely ignorant of family affairs, that I repent of my passion ; I forgive you ; I forgive you.

CHAP. X.

I Was going to tell thee how my name happened to be *Tristram*. In order to that, we must have gone back to that instant the midwife routed my father. But before I had well taken up my pen, I was surprised with the honour of a visit from the profound *Ke-venzenchrickhausenbus*. This learned foreigner presented me with a paper containing remarks on some remains of antiquity, which he had observed during his abode in *Britain*. And though they may seem to essay at emulating the

the labours of another very great antiquary, who is our own countryman; yet considering how exceedingly learning is always advanced by its professors exerting their strength in making and mending opinions; I could not but resolve on communicating these observations to the people of *England* in their mother tongue. Not but that the original *Latin* had been more grateful to the scientific eyes of antiquaries and virtuosos. What I have before me is a prospect of benefiting others by stimulating them to a pursuit of *Gothic* and *Monkish* inscriptions to the utter contempt of modern shillishally acquirements. For this purpose it was meet to present thee, friend *William*, with an account in *English* of what beauties are to be seen in obsolete *Latin*.

tin. And mayest thou in time and with patience not only become possessed of that inestimable treasure; but arrive at the knowledge of five, six, or seven even *Anglo-Saxon* letters!—In this my attempt to befriend thee, I do not entirely abandon the D. Ds. and B. Ds. and M. Ds. and so on, of the universities. But by adapting my style in *English* as much as may be to the original *Latin*, I take all the care I can to preserve a favour of it for their nicer palates. As a proof of which my endeavour, I hope it will be observed that this preliminary chapter carries something of a more venerable air than my former. Proceed we now without farther preface to our work; only first take heed that exact copies of the paper I speak of are to be distributed amongst
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the several academies of sciences of *Europe*, be they royal, noble, or common; so that they do but delight in pocketing the treasures of nature; be they hidden in caves, or exposed on mountains above or under ground.

CHAP. XI.

FOrasmuch as it pertaineth solely to the learned to elucidate and make manifest the occult wisdom of remote *Æras*; and being myself, by the especial favour of providence, one of the number of *Minerva's* legitimate offspring, I disdained not, during my abode in *England*, to make various conjectures on the rise and progress, policy and religion of the little known people at present inhabiting the aforesaid land.

Espe-

Especially when it came to mine ears how that in many parts of that kingdom there rest to this very day many precious monuments of antiquity, which at the same time, they contribute to the general utility of the erudite, give delectation to the hand busied in examining thereinto. And in verity highly favoured is the hand, that brings forth before the face of all men what will effectually confound the gainsayers of *Sapience*!—This I did not with the swollen puffings and exalted brow of vain glory, but in the meekness of true philosophy, not seeking so much to extol myself as to build up others, who, but for these my labours, must for ever abide in the profoundest midnight of ignorance. Prompted hereto by the vast commodity of their discoveries

who

who have preceded me in this search, who, although they saw but a little portion of what has been vouchsafed to my lot, had verily great praises due ; I reject all dissuaves that might be suggested from the difficulty of the undertaking ; and although temerity might justly be objected to lesser degrees of perfection in these exercitations, yet under the sacred guidance of deep erudition, I have sufficient boldness to enter on the matter in hand. But before I make advance, I do, in the conception of my treatise, give all acknowledged celebrity to the various dissertators on *British* antiquities ; not being enough able to express how lavishly they have poured forth their treasures of science on a multiplicity of ancient gems and medals, thereby exhibiting the un-
ques-

questioned materials for history, and most indubitable testimony concerning kings and warriors. Very manifest have they made it, that when once it appeareth that because an emperor lived, he coined money ; it followeth also contrariwise, if he coined money that he lived. With justice may it be pronounced, that * the man wandered in pitiable obscurity, who, in the thoughtlessness of obstinacy, bestowed contempt on this doctrine.—

Now the understanding of the delineation of faints and angels, good and bad being intimately connected with the knowledge of ancient coins, it so cometh to pass that a right learned

* It cannot now be recollected who is meant by the *iste* in the original of *Keuzenzenbriehausenbus*.

burgher of a town named corruptedly * *Royston*, who hath (though aforetime busied in the vile handicraft of a taylor) gathered together sundry tracts on brass and copper, hath also occupied himself in various and manifold delvings into caves and church-yards. And it having been said, that there was to be seen near the forum or market-place an aperture in the earth; the burgher, notwithstanding this venerable hole was thus wretchedly profaned and prostituted to the polluted eyes of barrow-women, condescended to descend into, and most miraculously hath brought to light who were there before him, and how and after what manner the various saints there to be seen were fashioned and made. The names, ages, trades,

* *Vide Palæog. Britan.*

deaths,

deaths, and burials of most of them he hath to great nicety ascertained. The height, strength, breadth, complexion, and country, and whatsoever else is needful to be understood of each set forth to the full. Nor has he oppugned the mentioning of circumstances, that to some may seem of little avail, namely, the colour of their beards, and the length of their noses. [This translation to be continued in the 4th Volume]

C H A P. XII.

THere goes a tale of an old *Roman*, who having a cause depending in the court of Common Pleas, declared he would not surrender to the evidence of One Man, though that One were *Cato* himself. This Story (whatever may

be thought of the matter) I dare say my father had never heard or read ; for, if he had, it is likely in the first place, he would have often told it ; which he was never known to do : and in the second place, my father was a philosopher, a man far above taking up the prudence or prejudices of others ; particularly for this last reason, that his life and opinions were his own life and opinions, and no body's else, I affirm it almost impossible to be as some shrewd reader might conjecture that he was a copier of that old gentleman. But he carried his exactness in the point of admitting testimony to greater lengths than any *Roman* or *Greek* of them all. He was the first inventor of that argument for moral certainty, which I have since heard ecchoed from so many
scores

scores of pulpits. If, conclude the preachers, hundreds of thousands of men of different ages, nations, and religions, who are all of them strangers to the persons and designs of one another unanimously affirm a thing is so, it is then (and not before) very near if not altogether impossible for it not to be so. You will be able of yourself to pursue the idea, it is to be hoped, to some good purpose; but without my assistance, you would hardly find out, that my father insisted on the names of his new-born children being entered in the books of two parishes; in the register of Mr. *Yorick*, and in that of the next village, over which the reverend Mr. *Thomas Radical* had been appointed overseer.

I forget now, but I believe it was in consequence of the double entry, that I chose for my first theme at school *Defendet Numerus*; on which I was both so very wise and witty, that it is to my great mortification I forbear printing it directly.

CH A P. XIII.

THE Reverend Mr. *Thomas Radical* was a man inclining to be fat, weighing in his waistcoat something more than twenty eight stone, three pounds, horseman's weight. He was, when he became the vicar of * * * * *, in the forty-seventh year of his age, and the twenty-second of his ordination; had in his life-time drank much ale, and had great strength
of

of body. These two or three particulars of his history may suffice for the present. But it is very likely that in the progress of the book, I may give broad hints concerning his parentage, birth, and education. His speeches and behaviour, it is more than probable, will hereafter be given to pen and ink. And when once pen and ink have got a secret, there needs nothing more but a printer to spread the news over all the town.

This reverend gentleman aforesaid, was no sooner informed of the visit I had paid at Mr. *Shandy's*, than he was all on fire to be there too. Civility to strangers he had always with reason declared was never to be dispensed with. And, if my father, who knew so perfectly already how heartily Mr. *Radical*

wished him well, must notwithstanding be welcomed home to his hall at every return from a ride of five miles; need it be deemed miraculous for me to expect some notice taken of me at my coming to a place where I had never been seen before? with a very low bow, which even endangered his nose, answered by a shake of the superlative degree, did the good man salute my father?—Mr. *Shandy*, said he, give me leave to observe to you how devoutly I thank heaven for the birth of your son!—Thank you! thank you! answered my father.—He is the desideratum.—The desideratum? said my father, not to interrupt you Mr. *Radical*, how do you know he is to be a mathematician?—Indeed, squire *Shandy*, said Mr. *Radical*, I was unawares of

of that; but now I bethink myself; I am confident it is so. I must be free, Sir; pray, Sir, one more shake of your hand. There is nothing so conducive to a man's exaltation as mathematicks, especially if he adds thereto an acquaintance with arabick. And indeed if he proves like (and here he threw a spaniel's eye on my father) if he proves, I say, like a certain gentleman I could name, he needs but read to understand, and understand to retain.—Pray, Sir, said my father still doubting, did any body tell you that my son would be the desideratum of mathematicians?—None in the world, I assure you, dear Sir, said Mr. *Radical*, none in the world ever told me he would be the desideratum of mathematicians.—What is it, good Mr. *Radical*,
said

said my father, you are pleased to compliment me upon?—Oh, Sir, said Mr. *Radical*, there are ways to know things. You will believe at last. Well! you perceive what I meant by desideratum in the first sense of it. A desiderium, a great desiderium, no doubt have Mrs. *Shandy* my lady and you had this long time for so finished a son.—You will excuse me, Mr. *Radical*, said my father. Do you pronounce the boy finished?—In reality, said the Reverend Mr. *Thomas Radical*!, I do strongly apprehend him finished *quoad homo recenter natus*.—You are a master of arabick, Mr. *Radical*, said my father. What do you call my *homo recenter* in arabick?—I may say *loeigh bareith*, or *dimium bogleh*, said Mr. *Radical*!, besides a variety of phrases of the like
im-

import. But to resume what you before demanded of me, I do apprehend him *quoad homo recenter natus* highly finished.—

This dialogue is at present too learned, I fear, for you, madam; and, if we continue it much longer, it will be too profane for you and me too. Not but that my father uttered his interrogations without having any thing odious laid to his charge. But some folks had better steal an horse, than others pluck an hair from his tail.

CHAP. XIV.

IF we consider the history of ages past, we shall not fail to discover that of the ties with which people have been restrained from doing mischief,
 none

none has operated so constantly, uniformly, and to such good purpose, as religion. Nor need we wonder that thinking beings ever exposed to pleasure and pain of the highest degree from that perception within them or without them, or somewhere or now here, which they call soul; and not half so often brought into trouble by their body (in spite of the whole train of diseases incident to it;) should be more influenced by the consideration of what regards the one than the other. Of so little consequence, all are convinced, is what concerns the latter, that there never needs more than the bare possibility of chearing the soul, to be able to turn all the tortures of the body into trifles.

Ever

Ever since I first saw the picture of a *Pelican* feeding her young from her own veins, with her own blood fresh from her heart, I have taken notice of similar instances in the world of men. How highly pleasing is it to the labourer to sweat out half the strength he has in continual toils all the day, purely because he knows he can gladden the hearts of his wife and children at night, by carrying home the few pence he has earned ! and there are bodily pleasures of the most exquisite kind, which soon become nothing, if you once discomfit the soul, whose body is to enjoy them.

The continual, though perhaps sometimes unnoticed, influence that such incidents have, it is probable, has been one very great means of bringing
to

to pass the almost unvaried hold that religion has of the minds of most people. There are indeed a few in this land, who would be thought more refined in their speculations, and exact in their researches than others, who, when they are in good humour over a bottle, pretend to despise, among the other attachments of the vulgar, the religion those vulgar are governed by. But the chief difficulty these reformers meet with, is their own inconsistency. It is an easy matter for a man, when his belly is full, to hold up his nose, and deride the hand that set his bread and wine before him. But what else is to be done on the apprehensions, and most of all on the feeling of hunger, than to implore assistance from the same quar-

quarter it has always before been found to come from ?

These silly creatures are never likely to succeed. The overbearing importance of eternity will prevent people in general from being giggled out of themselves. The body, at its best, is soon lost to delight, and troublesome to bear about : but the soul strengthening and brightening with age and experience sets before us such a prospect of her employment after death, as none can at all times get away from.

But though the futility of all attempts to discredit religion be sufficiently obvious ; though neither too much pride, nor too little learning, neither the one, nor the other, nor both (apt as they are to do harm) can dangerously wound christianity : yet
no

no contempt is contemptuous enough for the shameless faces, that dare, in open day-light, blasphemously to upbraid their maker with his administration of the kingdom of this earth. For, were they equal to the task, they would very willingly take away from nine tenths of the world their whole comfort at once. They see people in general, as they say, very wretched; and their practices shew that they long to make them more so. Odious and abominable design! to make us, because we are already miserable in part, cursed entirely! to take away from the poor, and the diseased, the cold, and the hungry, the only delight they can have, the view of immortality. Indeed the rich and the powerful themselves are not likely to be great gainers by

by such doings. No body can laugh and sing, and dance, and be a fool for ever. The most sprightly impertinents will, in spite of themselves, be sometimes dull. And, as all alike must incessantly continue to think on somewhat, how intolerably heavy will that somewhat be in the disconsolate hours of debauched wits ! These hours often come about ; and it is in vain to attempt a change of the ideas they bring. If you are thoroughly tired of revelry and nonsense, it is impossible, while the weariness continues, by any means of recollection, to reinstate yourself easily and quietly on the lap of folly. Run over, if you will, as many gay scenes of pleasure, as you can muster up ; read or repeat as many lewd lines as your portfolio contains ; remember

member the many contrivances of drunkenness and youth you have been privy to at clubs of killing serious meditation, and putting far off the evil day : you will labour to little purpose ; the thought of your condition will become keener and keener, till you will be forced to put up with the truth of what you so strenuously endeavour to deny.

It is needless to be particular in summing up the train of melancholy reflexions, that crowd upon one another on such occasions. A thousand circumstances that before seemed of the least consequence, are heightened and aggravated to the blackness of hell and ingratitude. Many a time has the rake and debauchee, to excite the empty simper of a pimp or a whore, endeavoured to be arch on his best and soberest

fobereft friends. The father, whose hard lot it has been to have fuch a fon, is brought up for the pooreft fhadow of a jeft. The pious care he has long fubmitted to, to prevent and reclaim the folly of his child, is termed the unfeeling cruelty of a fenfelefs old fellow without any foul. His oeconomy is a niggardly incapacity for enjoyment, a total infenfibility to all objects of tafte and delight. His precepts are ftupidity, his honefty is cunning, his religion hypocrify.

Without going farther or fo far, experience may be appealed to, to confirm this truth, that there is fomething abominable and excruciating to think of in expofing to the leaft approach of contempt, any part of the character of a friend. And every man of virtue

is a friend in some degree. Pity it is, that there should be any where to be found a person capable of relishing such a blessing, who may sometime or other forget himself, and forget humanity, even to treat a mistress with the fraudulent daubing of what, when justly drawn, is the direct opposite of ridiculous!

It were no difficult matter, as I think I said before, to follow such suggestions to any length; but the conclusion would be at last what it is now; that no government ought to connive at those senseless bravoës, who exert their blind strength to drive from the land the precious jewel of religious awe. Alas! what safety will there be in conversing and dealing with persons, who fear no god? such will certainly
regard

regard no man. Were virtue never so fair, even more alluring than ever she was arrayed by a poet; can it be expected that lords, or porters should have eyes to admire her graces? their ears must always be deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm she never so wisely. Nothing but the terrors of damnation, and the devil produce any considerable effect on vulgar minds. The hapless neighbour therefore, who dwells near those that have been stupified out of the fear of going to hell, is not so safe as the pathless wanderer in an *Arabian* desert. There the lions, tigers, and the rest of them give over molestation after a meal. But here the case is different; so different that our doers of mischief are never so prone to ex-

cellence in their vocation, as when they are fat and well-liking.

I might here instance a page full of names sufficiently celebrated for disturbing the repose of their fellow-creatures; and, in confirmation of what I have just said, there would appear emperors, satraps, bashaws, and right honourables in great abundance. The common run of these great personages, have been in all ages contented with eating and drinking more deliciously, and in greater quantity than others beneath them in wealth and grandeur. But a few of them generally affect to treat their brethren with much disdain. They think a great man should have, if he can, other advantages over little ones, than those derived from superfluous acres. I am, says every such
torrent

torrent of talk, more learned and knowing than my companions. And now I am raised above the common level both by money and understanding, I will not fail to let it be seen what may be done by such attainments. I will immediately go to work, and persuade the gaping herd that their fathers were a sett of blockheads; and that I am possessed of more light than the whole tribe of them put together. In this silly manner these poor creatures meditate on mischief; and, in their haste to subvert weak understandings, utterly ruin their own. But may the projects of madness and wickedness be everlastingly blasted! *Amen.*

CHAP. XV.

THE last chapter, had I continued longer than usual in one mind, might have served to introduce an apology for those unfortunate pages in the first and second volume, which some have thought were intended to help on the design of overturning religious opinions. I am really and truly not so great a fool as you took me for. And till I am, do you not think it will be impossible for me to engage in such stupid work? were the present performance of a graver turn, I would endeavour to make you sensible how highly and sincerely I reverence the ruling articles of the
chrif.

christian establishment.—But for all the varieties of venerable nonsense, sacred and profane, whether struck out by rascally priests, or superstitious outwitted laymen ; I must claim the liberty, when it can be done with safety, always to doubt, and sometimes to laugh at them. What, if I were a parson ? must I, in consequence of that, unavoidably be sour as a beadle ? no ; I will not only be chearful, but chearful at the expence of the regular dullness of narrow-minded zealots. And provided I take care to time things well, where will be the harm of tittering my friend the justice out of his dark attachment, to old women's dreams ? in return for my mirth on the week days, I promise to be constantly serious on sundays. I never cracked a

joke (not even at *Hampton*) at church ; nor did I ever affect to speak with indifference on subjects of importance.

To be serious, is, in itself, an excellent thing ; but, when improperly continued too long, it too often degenerates into moroseness and ill nature. And is it not as well to be pleasant as to break the king's peace ? some few indeed have, and can long sustain a well-wishing melancholy, that is both the most useful and most agreeable affection, perhaps, of the mind. But this number is small ; and they will not repine at seeing others differently disposed from themselves. At least as far as my observation has extended, it is not the serious half so much as the fullen, who vomit up anathemas on smiling parsons.

It

It is a wonderful thing to me, who am considering it, that there should be at any time, found in the town, a propensity to censure dimpled cheeks, and shaking beards. For let who will go into whatever company, with a design to give every person in it an idea of him to his advantage, if they are all entire strangers to him, and he to them, he will not be long in concluding that nothing is more likely to make him welcome hereafter than a little extempore pleasantry. If the circle consists of scholars and men of grave characters, they will think a period of ready wit a very seasonable relief from the burden of their more ponderous discussions. And, if they are fox-hunters, shop-keepers, or fiddlers; they will none of them refuse some testimony

mony of their approving his social turn: only they may chance to complain their satisfaction was not complete and perfect, because he childishly boggled at oaths and bawdy.

Here my reader would think his own apprehension quicker than mine, if I did not immediately convince him that the same thought presents itself to me as soon as to him.—Whenever then there has been, or may hereafter be found any thing in *Tristram Shandy*, that gives the feeblest squint towards obscenity; be assured, once for all, that I was drawn into it by a certain oily conformity of temper, which has too often prompted me to swim on the top of the stream of that universal fashion, which flows between the embroidered banks of luscious allusions.

So

So loth I am at present to commit the crime I am condemning, that you see, in mentioning it, I have gone beyond the simple transparency of common stile, and embellished my book with the swelling fulness of a flowery period.

CHAP. XVI.

THE withholding from my aunt *Dinah*, a place in the council assembled in my mother's bed-chamber, for the peace of my mother and me *Trisram*, had a lamentable effect on the temper of the desponding widow. No sooner had she heard how eagerly invitations had run about to all the adjacent matrons to be present at my entry into humanity, than she contrived

trived within her own mind an hundred reasons for hoping she would not be left out of the number ; for, though she saw with an aching heart her next door neighbour fly almost imperceptibly over a stile at about four of the clock, it was not till past seven, that she gave over the thoughts of a card, or at least the flippant tongue of my mother's maid, to inform her where she would be welcome to speak without reserve her well-digested opinions concerning pregnant women. Surely, said she to herself, my niece's case is worse than ordinary, or she could hardly forget me. She knows, notwithstanding her reflexions, how glad I would be to give her comfort. To speak a word to her in season, I may say, would do my heart good. And then I wonder
 what

what has got my nephew's memory. But he takes it for granted I am already sent too, otherwise it would be impossible for him not to think my presence absolutely necessary. He never in his life, I will say that for him, gave me a harsh look, much less a hard word ; for he knows well enough (he is a good scholar) how fortune disposes of us all. He could have told his wife, when she pertly held up her nose and spoke of my indiscreet liberties with men, that it is nothing in the world but being in fortune's good graces, which saved her from bearing bastards, and him from wearing antlers. Yes ; he could, if he would have told her, that my actions have been in an entire consistency with the appointment of the star that was ascendant at my

my birth. And why did he not? he, I suppose, is over awed by his wife. Well! for my part, if I was a man, I think I would take care to keep every woman in my house under some proper restraint! not dare to say she would be a whore, if she could! what, in the name of wonder, will this world come to? the courage of the men, like the moisture of the ground, grows every year less and less; or, surely there would be different doings seen. Like the moisture of the earth! I say; but I suppose she would not have sense to understand my conversation. Poor woman! she never looked into a book. With all her virtue, and with all her matrimonial exactness, I am mistaken if she could tell what I mean. Ignorant thing! there is not a gossip of them
all

all that can hold a candle to me ; and I am not proud neither. But one cannot forbear, and it is right, sometimes to let them down their stirrups a little. I suppose my learned neice thinks the fire burns ; that *she* does ; for I overheard her tell her brother *Toby* that, if he did not take more care, it would burn his map. I made her stare, I trow. Philosophy for the ladies ! for some brute has named a book as easy as making a bed. What ? I suppose he thought, if it had been philosophy for the gentlemen, it would have been quite out of the reach of us women. Ay, to be sure, there is not one lady, but is like her ! at that rate philosophy for the ladies, with a witness ! this very minute, I dare say, their silly tongues are galloping about milk and clouts.

They little imagine that the whole world is whirling round faster than their maggotty heads all the while. Hang it! I wish I was in the middle of them too, to plague them! such foolish huffies are fit for nothing but pinning of bibs, and making of balsams. They understand a marvellous deal, to be sure, about anatomy; and how the souls and bodies of embryos may be joined together to the best advantage! I will lay a wager, that the wisest of them cannot tell me at which end of the infant's body the soul enters after it is born. Perhaps (nay, they are so stupid, I am certain of it) they believe the child has a soul before it is born. At that rate the mother would have two souls. I could tell them there is no such thing. The soul of a man reside
in

in my neice's belly indeed! did she understand philosophy, anatomy, astronomy, and astrology; it were far more likely. But the soul of a titmouse never had such a beggarly habitation. If the boy (for I know it is a boy, though I had but a glimpse of her face) if the boy be like his mother, her husband will have but small reason to think he has made a bargain that will set him up. I would not, ye powers! I would not, for the Indies, be the parent of a fool.

My poor aunt proceeded in this manner till her strength being exhausted, she found herself obliged to lower her voice, and alter her tone. About eight of the clock, when an old woman expecting an alms, declared my appearance, and put a final

blow to her weak breathings of remaining hope ; she threw herself all along on a couch ; and, heedless by whom, or in what extraordinary attitude she might chance to be beheld, she lay, and lamented her forlorn condition. Her learning administered her but little comfort, her proverbs had been all applied, and she had no soul near her to take her part ; so that she was left almost entirely at liberty to mourn over the ill luck of her days past. From the time of her being first corrupted in the green-house by my grand-father's coachman, to the present minute, contained a series of events no ways pleasing to remembrance. “Curfed heat of *India* !” exclaimed she, why art thou required in *England*? Is there any colour in a flower? why should there

there be those that doat on so imaginary
 a thing? was it not well known, that
 in those outlandish sun-burnt countries,
 chastity is as much a stranger as snow?
 and was it so hard from thence to con-
 clude, that when *Britain* is made hot
 as *Jamaica*, maidenheads will be burnt
 up to ashes in a moment, here as well
 as there? oh fatal green-house! how
 vehement was thy influence! by thee,
 it is beyond doubt, the coachman and
 I were changed from what we had
 been! or, why was it, that again in
 the ice-house, I was so little averse to
 his contact? alas! ill fated *Dinah*
Shandy! whither now canst thou go,
 when even help is refused by the dis-
 tressed, because it would come from
 thee? my head swims! mine eyes,
 where do they wander? yonder I be-

hold a numberless multitude, where every eye beams scorn in my face! there trip along beautiful, too beautiful virgins rejoicing at my hard circumstances, and eager to increase each others joy! first they look at me, and then to one another. But why need they do as they do? is it necessary, is it to be borne, that they add to mine affliction, by reproachful smiles and simpers of contempt? when will they think it enough to be happier than I am, without maliciously endeavouring to make me worse than I am?

CHAP. XVII.

ALL this, and a great deal more said *Dinab.*—And now comes in pat a remark, which is every bit of it mine own. Those persons, who are so unhappy as to have a temper inconsistent with itself; who are this hour highly delighted with nothing, the next, sadly perplexed with as little; now all sunshine and good humour, then all gloom and ill nature; and who, in at the bargain, feel these contrary affections to the highest pitch of sensibility: such, I say, are most commonly shook sooner out of this crazy eggshell of mortal life, than those, who live like the sameness of a vegetable, without any other alterations

than such as are produced by summer and winter, roast beef and hunger. The former are like an oak-stick, often immersed in the horse-pond, and as often drying near the chimney ; which, when it meets with such different treatment, seldom serves to prop up above one generation. And yet, as it does not appear from this account of the matter, that either wet or dry taken constantly, and by themselves, are violent enemies to the duration of timber ; so (as the chapter begins) neither joy nor sorrow continuing uniformly with us, tend half so much to the shortening of our days, as a great deal of both in constant succession to each other. For the one, there is nothing in the world like it to keep a man (especially if he be a parson) long alive ;
and,

and, for the other, it is never half so heavy as when it comes after the long ease of light satisfaction.

My aunt had supported the almost ruinous decays of her character for some time during my mother's pregnancy, with the flattering hopes of compelling the matrons at my birth, to acknowledge her superiority and learned worth. She had intended to exert herself there in a style and manner most extraordinary; and, it is said, had composed some set speeches full of the deepest erudition, and abounding, as was fit, with the hardest words; which were to have been pronounced on that occasion. She was come fully into this as a thing absolutely certain, that malice itself must listen to her wisdom, and be forced to forget the

flipperiness of her constitution. But the fates were more spiteful than could be expected, and none but the common topics of common wives and mothers were to rattle, that fatal evening, round Mrs. *Skandy's* bed.

Wonderful it is, at first sight, that my aunt had not, on being at last persuaded of her rejection, comforted herself with considering, that, to be able to say and do themselves, they were obliged against the established laws of gossiping, to shut her up in her own habitation; and that, by so doing, they fairly confessed how the matter was, that none of them was fit to find liquorice to her tongue. But whether it was, that her pride, by long using, was worn out; or for some other cause less suspicious; she sunk down that
mo-

moment in her own esteem, and abused herself as heartily as she had ever in her life done another. No sea nymph, that gathers cockles on the banks of the raging main, can more plentifully pour forth reproaches on a sister, who has been laid hold of, and brought to foul shame by any male power of the flood: Her tongue ceased not its continual flow, except now and then a moment for want of matter, till she had fairly exhausted all the errors of womanhood. Nay, like the over-awed *Warlocks*, in the reign of the gentle *James*, she found fault with herself for sins she had never committed; and like them came to an hasty end; for about nine of the clock poor *Dinah* died.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

VARIOUS were the opinions, which immediately set out on a progress round the parish, concerning the exit of my aunt. No two men, nor indeed do any two women (except on a certain subject) think alike. And, in this case, they were divided not only about the cause, but what seemed very little liable to dispute, the manner of her death. Her body bore no visible marks of any external injury from knife or cord, bodkin, or crooked pin; yet it was affirmed by many, that she had laid unfavourable hands on herself in a fit of passionate despair. Many matrons of very rigid virtue, as they themselves gave out, protested it was a shame for
such

such a wretch to live in this righteous earth, and blessed themselves she was safely out of the way.

People apply every incident of human life to reflexion on different sides of view, according to their own opinions of their own predominant merit. The women, who valued themselves most on their invincible chastity, never threw away a thought on any other part of her character, besides that which related to her frequent pregnancy ; except that they remarked what odious effects the consequences of her repeated transgressions had produced upon her waist and face. Not her great age, (no, they were sure, that it was not) had taken away her beauty. For, for such an equivalent as the present consideration, they allowed she had

once some smoothness of skin, and a tolerable shape ; not remembering that when the time past they alluded to was present, they would almost as soon have been contented themselves to pass for ugly and old, as to grant her half a quarter of a charm.

These were the sentiments of the ladies.

But Dr. *Slop*, from his first hearing the news, thought very differently ; and talked much of stagnations, privations, and condensations. He was not silent concerning some strainers in the cerebellum, which were now in a state of inactivity from the inertia of the soul ; and after he had uttered more than it can be expected, I should repeat after him, or at least than I should repeat right after him ; my uncle *Toby*,
who

who, as well as my father, was present, came into a proposal, he made of cutting up my aunt's body ; by which the doctor was positive many wonderful discoveries might be made. This, you you will say, was a wonderful thing for my uncle *Toby* to come into ; and, in truth, so it was. I have been at my wit's end a thousand times with the conversation that follows in this chapter ; but never was able, for the blood of me, to find out what to make of it. My Father and uncle talk as though they were not my father and uncle.— Brother, said my father, you surprise me. Alas ! how little humanity have doctors and butchers !——But what makes you look at me, brother ? said *Toby*. Turn your eyes on *Slop*, if you think so.—*Slop*, said my father, is an
ex-

example only of doctors.—Why, said *Toby*, you do not consider me as the other example your purpose requires.—Yes, indeed, brother *Toby*, said my father, you are still a soldier.—Suppose, said my uncle, I grant you all that; if I allow I am a soldier, it does not follow that I am a butcher. Does it?—It does not follow, answered my father, that you sell pork and spare-rib. All I want to prove by what I have said, is, that you have had the same means of getting rid of humanity that *Tom Bullock* has had. He has cut the throats of oxen and swine, till he could with unconcern split the chine of his mother: and you have mangled the trembling limbs of supplicating *Frenchmen*, till you can, with as much serenity, provoke the doctor to cut up
your

your aunt.—Provoke! said *Toby*, do you call it provoking?—I did; but I beg your pardon. Since he needs none, it was needless to hint that you would furnish him with provocation to the office, if he wanted it.—You may harangue, brother, said *Toby*, as long as you please; you will not soon convince me that I cannot feel as well as you another's distress.—For that matter, said my father, you have as many precedents as you can well desire to encourage you to say so. The greatest rascal of a cut-throat of a king that ever lived, after he has murdered ten thousands after ten thousands, which ten thousands consisted of tender parents, loving brothers, affectionate husbands, faithful friends, and all others to be esteemed or liked; has never
 been

been known to part with his pretensions to being a man, though the shades of a million could have sworn him a devil.—Brother, whither are you going? said *Toby*, do you mean to make me a *Caligula*?—No, said my father, I do not think you a tyrant neither. Give me your hand, I love you for all this. But there is a defect in the *English* laws. It is as plain as a pike-staff. Why did they not, when they prohibited butchers and doctors from sitting as jurymen, set a black mark above the name of a foldier too?—You, brother, are far from acting cruelly in your neighbourhood. But it is from reason, not feeling. The humanity therefore, that you use cannot be so delicate and so natural, as if it grew spontaneously in your bosom. It is not, it cannot be
of

of the true sort. It is as much unlike it, as your chart of *Prester John's* country to the real face of the ground in that part of the world.—Out! you are out! brother, said *Toby*, sadly out! passion is a foolish wind, that blows constantly to the same point, whether or no there is any beneficence to sail that way.—Stay, brother, say that over again. It is a simile, I think.—Ay, a simile, said *Dr. Slop*. Simile, simili.—Passion, brother, resumed my uncle, is a foolish wind, that blows constantly to the same point, whether or no there is any beneficence to sail that way.—You are strangely altered, brother, said my father; for I am sure you formerly condescended to use a plainer form of words in speaking to me.—Before you grant that, said *Toby*,

you must consider thoroughly what improvement I shall not fail to make of such a concession. Roughness and plainness of speech are the characteristics of brutality. And, if I am polished out of offensive rusticity, in my conversation ; I fancy my life and manners must be brightened in an equal degree.—I cannot tell that, *Toby*, said my father. In my opinion, what the world graciously calls politeness, is nothing more at best than an inoffensive method of a man's concealing his demerit. Were he to speak out his sentiments naked and bare, perhaps they would be frightful to the company ; therefore the thing called politeness is acquired, that the monster may be mistaken for a man.—I find myself so little inclined, said my uncle, to take
an

an advantage, that I have a good mind to say something in your own way.— That tricked-off *Doll*, which they term politeness, is not a play-thing for me. I saw a man yesterday morning, whose air and behaviour, I shall not attempt to describe; but, where he is, mere politeness is a fool. Could I but often find that genuine openness of soul, which fears no discovery, and so highly delights all but the owls and bats of society.—Heigh day! interrupted my father, is this openness? owls and bats!—Why, I do not mean, said *Toby*, to give away my regard for self-preservation, when I am decrying the arithmetical preciseness of high breeding. If, instead of an owl or a bat, I had mentioned by name a great officer of State, the expression, I own, would

have better suited the subject. But not it! though I have often ventured my life, I value my ears notwithstanding.— Here *Slop* interposed a little spare learning. Truly, said he, gentlemen, there are but few, that, when they are represented fairly and openly, make a very handsome appearance. It was an observation of the great *Celsus*, *Insaniunt omnes*.—Of *Celsus*? *Slop*! said my father.—I have read many books, Mr. *Shandy*, said the doctor. I hope, Sir, you and your brother believe I have.—Ay, surely, said my uncle. I am sure, brother, the doctor is a scholar. *Insaniunt omnes*! very right! pray, doctor, give me leave; did you ever look into any tracts of fortification? *Stevinus* is an author that I will take upon me to say you would find much to
your

your satisfaction.—The deuce, I believe, is in you both! said my father. And so *Celsus* and *Stevinus* and *Slop*, and you are all of a mind! *Insaniunt omnes!* I say *insaniunt omnes*. And so may the man say, whose chance it is to meet with *Celsus* and *Stevinus*, and *Slop* and you, *Toby*. For (to return to the point) what would ye do with the body of *Dinah*? —What would we do! brother, answered *Toby*. As if you did not know we intend to dissect her! —Yes, yes, said *Slop*, it is requisite that the *momentum motus* of her last pulsation be judiciously ascertained. From thence it will be manifest whether the malady, which destroyed the motion of her fluids, was seated in the hypochondriac glands.—Pray, said my father, if it be no offence, let us know

in what part of the body these hypochondriac glands are to be found.—
 Hold thy tongue! *Slop*, said my uncle.
 —Ay, admonish him, said my father.
 —I do not care a pin, said *Toby*, where my aunt's distemper kept its residence. There runs an idle report, that may now gain credit. That report sets forth that *Dinah* was again pregnant.—So much the better, said my father. So much the better! it is the first word I have heard of it. I am heartily glad to hear it! I am heartily glad to hear it. If she was with child at this age, my system is as strong as the castle of *York*!—For the honour of the family, brother, said *Toby*, I wish the doctor may find it is not so.—A straw for the family! said my father. I tell thee I am heartily glad to hear it. Do, by

all means, now I agree to it, do draw your knife, Dr. *Slop*, as soon as you please. Let it appear what foundation my hypothesis has. Draw your knife.—

Whether it was by mere accident, or whether there be any thing in the sound of dissection alarming even to the ears of the entranced, no body pretends to say: but directly as my father pronounced with emphasis the word knife, (what do you think?) *Dinah* awaked.

CHAP. XIX.

THERE lived alone, about a quarter of a mile from *Shandyball*, by the corner of a thick wood, which there began to ascend gradually up a hill, one *Sarah Froston*. She had

been married in her youth, to five or six husbands, one after another; and, as the neighbours believe, had been the death of them all. Seven children had been begotten on her body, who were, none of them, entirely in the fashion. Besides their peculiarities were so peculiarly their own, that you may expect to hear peculiar reasons given for them. One had five thumbs; another's eye-brows were united with so very thick and long hair, that properly speaking they were not eye-brows, but a ridge of raised skin stuck full of bristles. A third had but one ear; the fourth two rows of teeth; the fifth was born with a long beard. The nose of the sixth was not at half-way between his two eyes, being pretty strongly biased towards the left. And the

the last was neither of the masculine nor feminine, but the common of two gender. All seven of them had been observed to be very active in various capacities, much sooner than is usual with other children; and they had this custom in common of going, once in a day, as goats do, no body knows whither. But whereas the goats seldom fail to return from fairy land, when their beards are combed; these children, one after another, for ever disappeared, and, as was soon after firmly believed, were for ever gone to the devil. For in the nice and scrupulous county of *York*, whoever is very unfair, is also very unfortunate in getting a good word.

Sarah was now advanced to her seventy-sixth year, was, had she been stretched

stretched out to her utmost length, about five feet three inches, honest measure; and, as she was generally seen making an obtuse angle from her middle of about $95^{\circ} 36'$, it will be easy for mathematicians to compute the length of the line, they will imagine to be extended from the tip of her coif to the toe of her shoe. But as this is a matter of science, out of my reach, I can but shew my good will by assigning these data, little doubting that my second edition of this third volume will contain the calculation at length to the one millionth part of an hair's breadth. Spare, spare a moment, O *Diophantus*, from thy triumphs over *Priscian*, and indulge me with a triangle embroidered with capitals: so shall the fame of thee and thy

thy miscellanea know no bounds, when carried on the shoulders of me *Tristram Shandy*.

Sarah's three remaining teeth were none of the shortest, approaching very near the length of her thumb-nails. Inhuman, infernal thumb nails! with these it was, that she was supposed to have torn up by the roots, the tongue of *Pill Garlick*!

It was the third morning after my birth, that I continued most unaccountably silent. I sneezed, it is true, once or twice; which procured me as many blessings: but, besides that, no other sounds louder than breathing were heard to issue from me. My mother and Mrs. *Shrimpton* the midwife, were equally amazed at this strange turn of affairs so little expected or foreseen; and

and every thought that woman's heart can conceive, was ransacked for the cause of so singular an event. Which was still the more to be wondered at, as I was far enough from peace and quietness before. My uncle *Toby* had declared that he would sooner undertake to sleep on the glacis of a besieged town, than within thirty toises of my cradle. That number was pitched on to express the measure of my uncle *Toby's* abhorrence; because my uncle *Toby's* wound, the wound of my adventurous uncle *Toby* was got in one of the traverses, about thirty toises from the returning angle of the trench, opposite to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of *St. Rock*.—Nor was he the only man, who was quite out of conceit with the music of my voice:

since

since my father himself more than once,
 in mentioning my proceedings, thought
 himself entitled to bestow on me the
 angry appellation of squalling brat.
 The greater then was the surprise of
 every one concerned, when that hap-
 pened which you have heard. To be
 brief, after every thing else had been
 thought of in vain, Mrs. *Sbrimpton*
 had recourse to witchcraft as the only
 means left to explain the matter. My
 mother would have done it somewhat
 sooner, had she been left to herself.
 But Mrs. *Sbrimpton* was a wily old
 lady, who never brought into action
 the corps de reserve of her wisdom, un-
 less in the most pressing necessity. This
 was the case at present; and in less
 than one minute it was as clear as any
 thing either in *Euclid's Elements*, or
Aristotle's

Aristotle's Masterpiece, that the dear babe was bewitched. And, as a process necessary in order to find out what malicious limb of satan had been employed in so unneighbourly an office, they immediately set about examining into the history of *Sarah Froston*. They reckoned up a number of her exploits; how she often went a hunting to the moon in frosty weather, and stopped at *Nantz* in her way for a dram of the best brandy; how she had ridden the old horse of Mr. *Torick* the minister, so often to the devil and back again, that he was nothing but skin and bone, and was a great disparagement to Mr. *Torick's* cloth: how red hot knitting needle, after red hot knitting needle had been run into her forehead for blood without ever fetching any: and
how

how an imp of the largest size had been seen by Mrs. *Shrimpton's* sister to jump from *Sarah's* chimney-corner in the shape of a greyish black cat.

These achievements of Mrs. *Sarah Frost*, were related not to prove her a witch. That was a circumstance, that had long stood in no need of arguments to make it out.—But it ought to be considered, that when you suspect a person of notorious character has done you an injury, you scruple not to entertain your friend with a detail of all the mischief that person has done in his whole life, though neither you the teller, nor he the hearer (as you both perfectly know) can give any new information about him to each other.

The only thing that seemed to stand in the least need of demonstration was,
not

not that she was a witch of the first magnitude, but that she the witch had bewitched me. And here too the happy invention of Mrs. *Shrimpton* met with nothing but plain way.—My mother looking in my face, let drop a hint that she thought it impossible, that any power of hell could have the heart to hurt so sweet a jewel.—So a body might think, said Mrs. *Shrimpton*. But it is too sure that one of those * wrinkled hags sticks at nothing. Had not (I appeal to yourself) had not *James Andrews* a pig struck blind; because hers, that lawyer *Westen* gave her, (who does not believe in the black art) lost his

* The word wrinkled was pronounced with a very particular emphasis, accompanied with as particular a look; to convince my mother that the stories raised of Mrs. *Shrimpton's* shifts to avoid wrinkles, were mean and malicious.

fight

fight in the thunder storm?—Would you compare a christian to a swine, Mrs. *Shrimpton*? said my mother.—I hope, madam, I know better than that comes to, said *Shrimpton*. But a person that can do so to a dumb creature, may to a child.—My child, poor thing! said my mother, my child is a dumb creature! what makes you so odd? my poor thing! how can you do so? poor dumb angel!—Heaven forbid, said the midwife, that I should make game of a child brought forth by myself!—You brought him forth? said my mother,—I do not mean it was born of my body, said *Shrimpton*. Madam, you—but it is a good sign. I always look upon it (and I may say I know as much as most of the matter) I always look upon it as a good sign, when a

lady is light-headed the first week. There's Mrs. *Tulip*, the gardener's wife; she's not a gentlewoman, to be certain, but I do not see, begging your pardon, madam, but she may be made like one of the quality; she always talks about Mr. *Tulip*.—Talks about Mr. *Tulip*! said my mother. I hope no offence; I hope I may mention Mr. *Shandy*, my husband; a'n't please you!—Do not take it so angrily, madam, said *Sbrimpton*. You shall hear nothing amiss from me; but I beg your pardon, madam. I was going to tell you how Mrs. *Tulip* talked the strangest things you could wish to hear about Mr. *Tulip* and herself. Mr. *Tulip* was ashamed; he declared to me he was ashamed.—Well! said my mother, but about *Froston*.—I was going to tell
your

your ladyship, madam, said *Shrimpton*, that now she has lost her own children, she does all she can to make other people lose theirs. And it is no little matter she does. The power of these witches is a sad thing.

While my mother and Mrs. *Shrimpton* were thus drawing out their colloquy, the maid came running up stairs, protesting *Sarah Froston* was under the great elm at the end of the garden.—Protect us! said *Shrimpton*, what does she there?—Nothing that I can see, replied the maid.—I wish, said my mother, she may sit there for nothing! people may be ashamed (that they may) for suffering such wicked creatures to roam about in this manner!—But, *Susannab*, said *Shrimpton*, did she say any thing to you? did you observe no-

thing more than that she is there?—I tell you, Mrs. *Sbrimpton*, said *Susannab*, she is saying nothing that I can hear; and doing nothing that I can see; except that she mumbled something nobody knows what. For my part, I thought it might be a boiled crust she was gnawing.—A crust! exclaimed my mother, I hope you gave her no bread of mine!—No, crust! no, madam, answered *Susannab*, I assure you I have never given a mouthful of your victuals to any one creature, since I came to your service. My fellow-servants can tell, that when Mr. *Robert* came to see me, he sent for me to the goose and gridiron. I gave her a crust! madam.—Nay, I wish, said my mother, there was any reason to believe she was nibbling a crust. She was saying her prayers.

prayers.—What? madam, said *Susannah*, is it better to eat a crust than say prayers?—Ay, prayers! I say prayers! said my mother. I tell thee, girl, she and all such say their prayers, depend upon it, fifteen times in a day backwards.—What is that for, madam? said *Susannah*.—For! for bewitching people. Here is one unhappy babe ruined. Protect us! the wickedness of this world!—It is well, madam *Shandy*, said *Shrimpton*, your ladship did not meet with her before your delivery.—What? said *Susannah*, (returning from the top of the stairs, as she pretended, for a cup she had forgot) what? would my lady have come to harm by her? Come to harm! said *Shrimpton*. She had as certainly miscarried as we are here. And it had been a great won-

der, if that had been all.—O laud! said *Susannah*, what a sad thing that would have been! I am sure she has an evil eye. I am sure I could take an oath she has been over-busy with me.—With you? *Susannah*, said *Shrimpton*. Then you have been—been doing what, Mrs. *Shrimpton*? said *Susannah*, interrupting her. Here before my lady I scorn your words. I lie with a man!—Nay, what did I know? said *Shrimpton*. You say you were sent for to the goose and gridiron.—Matters are come to a fine pass truly, said *Susannah*. If I go to meet Mr. *Robert* at the goose and gridiron, I must be got with child! for that matter, my lady knows she gave me leave to have him here. And so I had, till my master saw us together in the coal-hole.—Saw you two in the coal-

coal-hole?—Why, pray, said *Susannah*, where was the harm of that?—No harm at all, said *Shrimpton*. There is no harm in being in a coal-hole. But, pray how was it, that you left it off, after Mr. *Shandy* found you out?—You do not imagine, I suppose, said *Susannah*, that a young body like myself likes to be talked to about the men. But I wish I knew what mischief the old witch intends to do to me. But I defy the devil and all his works.—If you are undefiled, said *Shrimpton*, *Susannah*, to be sure you may.—To be plain with you, Mrs. *Shrimpton*, I think a certain person might trouble her head with business that belongs to her, said *Susannah*.—Fy! *Susannah*, fy! said my mother. Mrs. *Shrimpton* is a midwife. There is no concealing any thing from

her. She knows by the sight.—Pray, madam, said *Susannah*, will it please you to want any thing before I go down stairs?

CHAP. XX.

THUS descended *Susannah* full of reflexions not greatly pleasing.

My mother, by an argument or two more of Mrs. *Skrimpton's*, was very well convinced that no body but *Sarah Froston* could be the cause of my holding my tongue. And how to be revenged on her was the thing next to be considered. She had been so much used to cobbler's awls, and straws laid across; that nothing of that sort appeared

peared likely to give her much concern. And as for the method of taking vengeance on an old woman in a pond, said to have been invented by a great monarch of *England*, there was as little hope from that quarter. To expect she would be drowned by such an experiment, was the most absurd thing that could be imagined. When nothing in the universal world was more clear than that *Sarah* was a witch, could any thing be more indubitable than that she would keep her head above water? and they had some questioning between themselves, concerning the extent and duration of salutary laws; which ended in their persuading themselves there was great reason to fear they would not, at present, be able to get her burnt for being able to swim. However Mrs.

Skrimp-

Sbrimpton remembered a proverb commonly used with success in the like cases, which proves the devil to be but an underling. Accordingly my mother and she concluded on carrying *Sarah* before a justice of the peace. My mother would gladly have attended his worship herself on the occasion. But *Sbrimpton* declared it a thing impracticable; and pronounced her a dead woman, if she attempted it. (A dead woman is what one hears so seldom of, that, upon my word, I had like to have said she pronounced her a dead man.) My mother said in answer to this, that she found herself better than could be expected; and, considering the exigency of affairs, she hoped Mrs. *Sbrimpton* would not continue so peremptory, but abate somewhat of her usual rigour.

gour.—Peremptory! madam, said *Shrimpton*, you astonish me. No wife in the country would do such a thing.—I am not talking, said Mrs. *Shrimpton*, of what a wife would, but of what she could do. Really I should imagine—imagine! madam, said *Shrimpton*, it grieves me to hear you undervalue yourself. The squire would never believe as long as he lived for the time to come, that a child-bearing woman deserves to meet with a spark of compassion. After the first hour he would as infallibly turn off the midwife, and—for heaven's sake, madam, never think of it.—Well! then, said my mother, what if the justice and *Sarah* come hither?—Nay, for that matter, I do not understand the law much, said *Shrimpton*. Perhaps they

they might ; but what do you think of the danger of *Sarah's* being here?— Not before the justice, no danger in the world, when the justice is here. You have read the history-book about witches. —I did not consider that, said *Shrimpton*.—What hindered them, said my mother, from bewitching the judges, who condemned so many of them.— Judges! said *Shrimpton*, that is another matter ; Mr. *Shrewly* is but a quorum.

If ever you have heard, ladies and gentlemen, beggars pretend to be dumb, by having had their tongues pulled out by *Turks* ; and have afterwards seen these very tongues produced and swung with great volubility in the respective mouths of the said beggars : you know how easy it was, for my instrument of noise to remain, for a time, invisible.—

Before

Before either the justice or the witch had time to present themselves in my mother's apartment, it was my chance to get very well acquainted with the point and length of a confounded pin. When flap came my tongue that instant from my throat, and I roared louder than any *Shandy* of my age since the days of *Elizabeth*.—

I am sorry, as you may imagine, to be obliged for the sake of illustration, to liken myself to a rascally beggar or fortune-teller; but odious comparisons are sometimes unavoidable; and pride must give way to necessity.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

I Wonder whether there is such a principle in man as malevolence, genuine, spontaneous, pure malevolence. For, though I cannot for my life, but be pleased with the thought have this minute; it is by no means a proof of it. What I am laughing at is this: my readers complained of my digressions; said my wanderings were intolerable, and my ways dark and intricate. Now, as I knew that what they decried so vehemently, was what alone gave them pleasure; (for alas! I am nothing at close fighting!) I soon discovered a very easy way to be revenged on them for their ingratitude. I have kept creeping on in a straight, beaten, dusty,

dusty, barren track, so long of late in
 my story ; that, if no body be tired of it,
 I declare I am astonished. For my own
 part, a little refreshment must be had
 by me ; and I will not say I beg leave,
 for positively I will stop at this very
 place. And you are to hear no more
 of my father or mother, or any body
 else of the family, till I shall be weary
 of the company I am going into.—Do
 not you go away, and say, I am a
 graceless villain, without feeling or na-
 tural affection. I love my relations all,
 and none more than *Toby*. But our
 dearest friends grow burdensome, by
 being long with us ; and there is no-
 thing I care to enjoy above an hour in a
 day. I believe I am a little particular
 in this point ; for I have often had oc-
 casion to observe, that when others be-
 gin

gin to approach the center of good humour, it is my hard luck to be got quite over the extreme edge.

CH A P. XXII.

THE Reverend Mr. *Thomas Radical* was a gentleman of the deepest and most universal erudition; infomuch, that it is to this day a matter of astonishment to most of his parish that he was never made a bishop. For, notwithstanding there were some few who had concluded he would have trembled at the news of a *conge d'elire*, and believed that was his reason for not accepting (what the universities would have fought for the honour of conferring) a degree of D. D. yet that was not his own opinion of the matter; and

and whatever cause there might be for continuing undoctored, it is certain he saw none for continuing unbishoppricked. Indeed it had been a miracle if he had. He was a man of such rare accomplishments, as even made him wonder at himself. Considering the unparalleled extent of his faculties, and unwearied exercise of his studies; it is not an easy matter to find his like. He had, when aged no more than twenty-four years nine months (before he was in full orders) discovered the perpetual motion; and written, in his own fair hand, a recipe for the gout and head-ach. He knew exactly where to put a full stop; and divided his sermons so dextrously inch by inch, as is seldom to be seen in the discourses of right reverend divines. He had espied *Venus* an

hundred times tripping in silken shoes over the cheeks of sleepy *Phæbus* ; and understood better than *Benjamin Martin* the brain-breaking parallax. He had names for each of the satellites of *Jupiter* ; and, had he been at sea, though but mounted on bladders, could with great ease have discovered the longitude there. None knew better than he how often in a month the moon changes her mind ; and there are very few, who have so often trod the winding stair-case between their own heads and her.—But all this, which would serve to set up five hundred every-day scholars, is nothing when you speak of *Mr. Radical*. In short, he had in his possession what he called (and what any body may safely call so after him) the desideratum of all mankind. Have a care of mistakes,

takes, I do not mean he had the ten thousand pounds ticket in the lottery. That had been a small matter ; to ease your impatience, he not only knew who was to have that ; but he knew whatever was to be known in futurity. In astrology he had no equal. *Cardan*, *Erra Pater*, *Tycho Wing*, and *Francis Moor*, physician ; had they clubbed their heads for a wager, would undoubtedly have lost their money, by pretending to describe the twelve houses with Mr. *Radical*.—It was, perhaps, owing to this last excellence, that he was somewhat more austere in his manner, and less easy of access, than could frequently have been wished. But this is not to be taken as any reflexion on the natural sweetness of Mr. *Radical's* temper. To be so very wise, had been

so very troublesome, had he answered every question put to him; that far from being able to find time to preach, it had been impossible for him to eat when he was hungry, or drink when he was dry. Every maid servant, every maker of a cock-match had consulted him, for their respective success in love and fighting. He therefore, before the fulness of his fame, contracted his acquaintance and his brows; and, except in my father's family, very rarely unfolded the destiny of a virgin. Really my father was much envied for possessing what every body saw he knew not how to enjoy. For half a word, Mr. *Radical* could have told him what was become of the silver milk pot, (which we shall talk more about by and by.) But alas! my father was not to
be

be shook out of his steady opinions! to his obstinacy, or to his perseverance, was partly owing the too long continuance of a dispute between Mr. *Radical* and his * clerk.

Mr. *Radical* used to give up the keeping of his books to his clerk; that is, he made him keep an account in black and white of whatever christenings, weddings, and burials happened in the parish; and would every now and then cast an eye over it himself, to see that *Ekeham* (that was the clerk's name) made no mistake. For of grievous consequence might such a mistake

* Clerk, a psalm-finger; not clerk, *Clericus*, a clergyman.—This note is not unnecessary; for it has been usual in some places for the same person who reads prayers as curate, to chaunt *Hopkins* as clerk. But this gentleman only acted the latter.

be; since, as there are places where a man is denied to have any being, unless he can prove it by syllogisms; it is likely enough there are other places, where it will hardly be granted he was once born, unless he can prove it by the register. In the present case, indeed it is not probable matters could have gone so far; for *Ekeham* had entered in his book *Tristram Shandy*, gent. baptized *November 5, 1718*. This was as Mr. *Radical* himself wished it to be, except one little character. The figure 5 he could by no means put up with, as well knowing it was *November 6*, when he himself performed the duties of his office upon me.

Sorry I am that I was the occasion of any ill blood between gentlemen. But, though I was guiltless of all design, I
con-

confess myself the principal cause of some wrath, that was raised (alack-a-day !) to great heights !—

Ekeham was brother-in-law to Mrs. *Skrimpton* the midwife, and truly in many things appeared to be but too much biaſſed to her intereſt. In return for ſome favours of a particular kind which *Skrimpton* had conferred on him, he conſtantly gratified her with a full and true account of the wedding-days of all the people under the age of forty-five, who were married within the reach of his obſervation. [This forty-five only relates to the women—the men were welcome to be as old as they pleaſed.—*Skrimpton* thought the wedding never a bit the leſs hopeful for that.]

But, as I was going to say, it had been well for *Ekeham* to have stopt here, and contented himself with doing the harmless favours of friendship. But he grew (it must not be dissembled) he grew a strange fellow ; and, partly for his prior attachment to *Sbrimpton*, and partly owing to his having been rejected in a proposal he had made to Mr. *Radical* of selling for him for a moderate profit, his calculations of nativities ;—for these two reasons, I say, and perhaps for many others, he at last began to question the superiority of the Reverend Mr. *Thomas Radical* over Mrs. *Sarah Sbrimpton*, whom hardly any body besides him and herself, believed to be more than a mere lay-woman.

In

In this peaceful and promising manner their dialogue began.—Mr. *Ekebam*, said *Radical*, I have often thought it my duty to thank you for your extraordinary care in keeping the register.—Mr. *Radical*, said *Ekebam*, I am much obliged to you for your acknowledgment of my humble endeavours in the service of you and the parish. You not only have often thought it your duty to thank me for them, but have actually done so. Many is the good time, when as I have been so happy as to enjoy your good company, you—Mr. *Radical* was not altogether pleased with the probability of being soon mentioned by *Ekebam* as his companion and equal; (for assuredly *Ekebam* was by no means his equal) and interrupted him as follows:—Mr. *Ekebam*, I see
no-

nothing wanting in your fidelity, and exactness of method; but here is a little circumstance you have not remembered truly to an hair in recording the time of the young *Shandy's* initiation.—I do not rightly understand, said *Ekeham*, what you mean by initiation. If it please you, Sir, I will fetch my *Bailey's Dictionary*. I can be back in a moment: or, (your study is nearer than mine,) shall I go for your's?—Sincerely, Mr. *Ekeham*, said *Radical*, you are very complaisant to my learning. Dost thou not know, man, that I understand every part of speech in *England*?—Did I say you do not? said *Ekeham*. I know it well; nor did I ever imagine that your *Bailey*, if you have one, was kept for your own use. I am acquainted with your heavenly temper,

temper, and to be sure, said I within myself, Mr. *Radical* has a book in his study for the good of his neighbourhood.—I have hitherto expected, said Mr. *Radical*, that when I use any of those words of art which by the learned are denominated technical terms, that my neighbours apply themselves to me for a solution of their difficulties; for difficulties they must meet with; and let us scholars be never so laborious in giving our instructions from the pulpit or chair, the herd of the people cannot be so much benefited as when they have the liberty indulged them of asking questions afterwards concerning things that they understand not.—You talk rarely, said Mr. *Ekeham*. But, Sir, I thought you could seldom find time to give the particular intelligence
you

you speak of to one or two persons privately.—How, not find time? Mr. *Ekeham*, said *Radical*. He, that gives knowledge, gives more than meat and drink. And I hope I do not want for charity; I believe I find time to be good.

Ekeham was beginning to be charmed with Mr. *Radical*. But notwithstanding he thought him a wiser talker than he used to be, he could not entirely forget his own repulse.—An application, said *Ekeham*, may be wrongly timed. It is not fit always to disturb a gentleman.—No, said *Radical*; an application to me for instruction can never be unseasonable. Who ever knew a time, when Mr. *Radical* contented himself with being wise alone? did I not always chearfully take pains to teach the
igno-

ignorant world?—I do not know rightly, said *Ekeham*, whether I myself am the ignorant world. But I remember every thing that has befallen me from a child. I might have been worth——
Ekeham, Ekeham, said *Radical*, let me not be obliged to blame thee. Thy soul is inclined to lucre. I took from thee the means of gratifying that corrupt affection.—You could not conveniently take it from me, Mr. *Radical*, said *Ekeham*, I think; because I never had the opportunity of gratifying that corrupt affection, if it be a corrupt affection.—My sister *Shrimpton* came to me the very night that young *Shandy* was born. Madam *Shandy* would have given any thing to know beforehand the fortune of her beloved son. I wished, I wished again for
what

what I shall never have interest enough to obtain.—How comes it, Mr. *Ekebam*, said *Radical*, that you have been turning off the discourse? do you remember what we began with?—Yes, said *Ekebam*, I remember what we began with; and I strongly suspect I have smelt out what you do not much care to end with. If I am not greatly mistaken, enough has been said about my disappointment.—I tell you, Mr. *Ekebam*, said *Radical*, money is the root of all evil. Wars, plagues, and famines are all owing to an abundance of money.—Famine! famine! said *Ekebam*, famine owing to an abundance of money! I can tell, I think, for certain off-hand, without consulting either your *Bailey* or my own, that famine is not caused by an abundance of money.

You

You perhaps have travelled, Mr. *Radical*; pray did you ever hear of any body's starving of hunger with his pockets full of money?—You are more rash, more hasty, and more inconsiderate, Mr. *Ekeham*, said *Radical*, than I conceived you. Think of what has been said; to an abundance of money is owing pride, laziness, wantonness, luxury—and lying, said *Ekeham*.—How now? Mr. *Ekeham*, said *Radical*; could I not have finished my sentence myself, do you think?—You might very well, Mr. *Radical*, said *Ekeham*; but, I suppose, you would not have done it quite in the same manner.—Why, not in the same manner? said *Radical*.—Nay, said *Ekeham*, I am no great scholar; but I think, when one man compliments another on what
he

he is not endowed with, that such compliments are lies.—And do you know any body in the neighbourhood that does it, Mr. *Ekeham*, said *Radical*.—Such an one, proceeded *Ekeham* without seeming to mind *Radical's* question, can pursue nothing but his own interest. Another's, it is plain, he cannot. He cannot mean to reform or amend mens lives; for you can never make a person virtuous by telling him a downright falsity, which sets forth that he is already too good to dwell on earth.—I apprehend, Mr. *Ekeham*, said *Radical*, you are under the influence of an error. The way to make a man honest, is to act as if you believed him so.—With submission, said *Ekeham*, I could name a gentleman, who, I am sure, is not so good; and, I think, he

is not quite so wise, as he might be.—
 I do not perfectly conceive your meaning, Mr. *Ekeham*, said *Radical*. Who is he? whom do you speak of?—
 Certainly not of you, Mr. *Radical*, said *Ekeham*. You, Sir, are too wise.—
 The way to make a man honest, who was almost honest before, is, perhaps, to behave to him, and speak of him, as if he was so to all intents and purposes. But, in my humble opinion, if you go farther than that, and tell a man he is a saint, he will never be any thing near it. In short, Mr. *Radical*, not to go about the bush with you, you are a man inclined after the pride of life. You make Squire *Shandy* not so good as he might be, because you are not so rich as you might be. I wonder what you would be at.—But let me tell you,

he is too cunning for you ; he laughs at you ; he will never do any thing for you that you would have him to do ; and your imprudent speeches make him a little wicked now and then ; for I think it is a wicked thing to laugh at a minister. Why do not you talk to him, as you do to me ? answer me that. Why should you not be as ready to oblige me as him ? am I not made of the same materials ? answer me this. — Give me leave, Mr. *Ekeham*, said *Radical*, with your *That*, and your *This*, to remind you, that Mr. *Shandy* and myself are two gentlemen. We discourse as such ; could you make any thing of gentleman-like, or of learned conversation ? do you think, Mr. *That* and *This*, that you are not a fool ? — Well ! well ! if I am a fool, said *Ekeham*,

ham,

ham, I have one comfort however; which is, that I understand my trade as well as Mr. *Radical* does his. And besides, (I believe you have forgot) that I am obliged to do your business for you not unfrequently, I think. Your books might have been in a pretty condition, if it had not been for me. I have taken as much pains to do your jobs, as if I had been to be made rich by them. Some thanks a body might have expected. That was as little as a person could do.—Your predecessor, Mr. *Radical*, was a gentleman not to be matched in a summer's day. It is well known to the whole parish he never asked me to strike a stroke of work for him in my life.—No; he was wiser, said *Radical*, he had been well served by you. Here's a rare piece of busi-

ness with you indeed! where, in the name of blunder, was either your memory or your eyes, when you wrote in the book that young *Shandy* was christened on the 5th day of the month? you take a world of care! in truth, I am greatly beholden to you, Mr. *Ekeham*!—Yes, said *Ekeham*, if you took as much pains with your parishoner, immediately before their death, as I do with them immediately after their birth; things would have a better face, I cannot but say. Young *Shandy* was baptised on the fifth instant. It is the naked fact; I wrote it, and I affirm it *vivo voce*.—You affirm it *vivo voce*! go after your figure, I beseech you. And when you have done that.——What then? said *Ekeham*.—Why, then (for I wish you well, Mr. *Ekeham*) said

Radi-

Radical, I will teach you *Syntaxis*. Go, go, do as you should do.—I neither value you nor *Syntaxis*, said *Ekeham*. I suppose you think I do not know that that is the name of some book or other. —I wish, Mr. *Ekeham*, said *Radical*, for your own sake, that you understood yourself.—For that matter, said *Ekeham*, if you go to that, I wish so too. If I did, I might say a bold word ; for really, Sir, I have a notion I should be a greater man than the Reverend Mr. —, the Reverend Mr. *Who* ? *Ekeham*.—No matter, no matter, said *Ekeham*. But I could, if I had a mind to speak, tell you, Sir, what you would not like much to hear.—Could you ? what's that ?—The truth, Mr. *Radical*, said *Ekeham*.—The truth !—Ay, the truth. You may truth it as

often as you please. If I were disposed to repeat all I have heard Mr. *Shandy* say of you and me.—You and me! said *Radical*; man, thy brain is turned. Mr. *Shandy* speak of you and me in one day!—Ay, said *Ekeham*, it had been better for you if he had let alone the mention of you till another day. To come so soon after mine, did not do your name much service, Mr. *Radical*.—I begin, Mr. *Ekeham*, to pity you in earnest, said *Radical*. You are undoubtedly disordered; I was a little angry; I am sorry.—A little angry were you? said *Ekeham*. Sir, you are heartily welcome.—I like Mr. *Shandy*; he is an honest gentleman, and scorns to flatter any man; I heard him say it. *Ekeham*, said Mr. *Shandy*, has a little more sense than he thinks he has; and

and *Radical* has neither learning nor sense, who thinks he has a great deal of both.—I will go, said *Radical*, this moment, and complain.—Complain to whom of what? said *Ekeham*. Is it not your own fault that you are what you are? you have got some sensible scraps of sentences by heart; and had you applied yourself properly, as Mr. *Shandy* says, you might have known better than you do when to bring them in; for there is no body so whimsically dull, as he says, but might be made less ridiculous at least by a due cultivation.—You are absolutely mad, *Ekeham*, said Mr. *Radical*. It is no longer a time to trifle with you; I will represent your case in a friendly manner. That is impossible, said *Ekeham*, there is not a grain of friendship about you.

You keep no such company.—I fancy, Mr. *Ekebam*, said *Radical*, I keep company, good company ; and have friends too. Where do you think I was the other evening?—The other evening, said *Ekebam*, you were at Mr. *Sbandy's*. You do not intend, I hope, to make me believe that you go thither out of friendship to him.—Pray now, Mr. *Ekebam*, said *Radical*, what other motive do you think I can have?—I do not only think, said *Ekebam*, but I am sure you have another motive ; and that motive is money. Money ! money ! my dear friend of Mr. *Sbandy*, nothing in the world but money!—You are really impious, Mr. *Ekebam*, said *Radical*. I can tell where you took that from.—Where I took what from ? said *Ekebam*.—Where you took
what

what you have just said from.—That you may do very easily, said *Ekebam*. I have hit you off so nicely, that none could have done it, but he that has seen you—seen through you, Mr. *Radical*.—You are an *Hobbefian*, Mr. *Ekebam*.—No, I am no *Hobbefian*, nor any thing but clerk of the parish. If I was any thing else, I should not be so well acquainted with you.—You make me laugh, Mr. *Ekebam*, said *Radical*.—Do I indeed? said *Ekebam*. Well! if I do, I can afford it; for I am sure I made you smart before. You will go to Mr. *Skandy*, and complain, I suppose!—No, said Mr. *Radical*, I must first be determined in my judgment of you. You have got some of the heathenism of *Hobbes* into your head; and you think other men just like

yourself. The ancients were all of them *Pagans*. They should not be done into *English*, and put into the hands of ignorant persons.—I hope then, Mr. *Radical*, said *Ekeham*, your hands have been kept clear of them. So I cannot expect to hear any thing further about *Hobbes* from you. Hah ha ha ha! *Hobbes* forsooth was an ancient and a *Pagan*! without all doubt you can tell rarely where I took my opinion from. From *Hobbes*, one of the ancients I learnt your character, Mr. *Radical*!—Why, man, *Hobbes* was a forefather of mine.—A very likely thing indeed, said *Radical*, that you should know who was your forefather two thousand years ago!—I do not pretend to that, said *Ekeham*. I do but inform you, since you never knew before, that *Hob-*
bes

bes was seen about sixty years ago alive
 and well upon the *Peak* in *Derbyshire*.—
 I wish, said *Radical*, such impudence
 was rightly served.—I believe you do,
 Sir, said *Ekeham*. But I have some-
 thing more to tell you ; I will conceal
 nothing from a friend. Take this
 whisper in at your right ear ; I *Ekeham*
 am better acquainted with books than
 you *Radical*.—Such language, said *Radical*,
 is not to be endured. Than me
Radical ! did ever any mortal man hear
 a clergyman address in this manner ?
Radical ! as if I drove a cart !—You
 need not to put yourself into a passion,
 my reverend master, said *Ekeham*. I
 have gone by the bare name of *Eke-*
ham, at times, for some years ; and
 Mr. *Sbandy* himself allows I am no
 fool.—Fool ! does he ? said *Radical*.—
 He

He did say who was, as well as who was not a fool.—But I will be plain ;--a word, it is true, may be enough for certain persons ; but then, you know, Mr. *Radical*, it is not enough for certain others.—Go this moment, I charge thee, said *Radical*, and change the figure in the register.—And are you really in earnest, Mr. *Radical* ? do you think I will transfer to you the honour of my sister *Skrimpton* ?—O thou abominable *Ekebam* ! said *Radical*. Before I did not conceive thee capable of such an expression ; I verily thought it was a mere mistake arising from your having heard perhaps of my being at Mr. *Sbandy*'s that evening, and that you had been made to believe the rite was then performed, which in truth was deferred till the next day : but what,

O Eke-

O *Ekeham*, art thou become!—To speak fairly and squarely to you, Mr. *Radical*, said *Ekeham*, I spent some minutes in deliberating what to do in the affair. I weighed your respective merits.—Confusion, said *Radical*, weigh Mrs. *Skrimpton* with me!—I weighed, continued *Ekeham*, your respective merits in this manner. Mr. *Radical* (I put you first at beginning) Mr. *Radical*, said I to myself, is a minister; Mrs. *Skrimpton* a midwife. He has the better of her there.—Mr. *Radical* understands but a trifle or two of his business; Mrs. *Skrimpton* knows her's to perfection; *Slop* himself is not an overmatch for her.—Mrs. *Skrimpton* (now I thought it was high time to put her first) has done me a great kindness; Mr. *Radical* refused to do me any.—

Mrs.

Mrs. *Shrimpton* is a spirited woman, and sometimes lets drop a fib; Mr. *Radical* is proud, and tells many a lie.—Midwives in general are more ignorant than Mrs. *Shrimpton*; parsons in general are not half so ignorant, nor a tenth part so wicked as Mr. *Radical*.—

It is not in me to put down the wrathful exclamation of Mr. *Radical*. We must therefore break off the dialogue: but before an end is put to the chapter, let the public be assured, that *Radical* was not very ignorant, and far from being very wicked. *Ekeham* was a stranger to justice in drawing a character.

I wish this may serve as an admonition to those pert sayers of good things, who think themselves heroically

cally comical in mortifying a more sensible and better man than themselves, who may chance to have some defect or absurdity unluckily sticking to him. Know, ye noisy impertinents, that none but your betters have any right to laugh at your betters. And even they are not allowed to lie.

C H A P. XXIII.

O*Badiab Stirrupiron*, or, as some called him, Mr. *Obadiab* had lived when I was born, twelve years in the service of my father ; and, till about half a year before, was at least as sober and as honest as any man of his station ; and his honesty was that of a servant.—You do not think me such
an

an unbred brute as to suppose, that he, who was serious and poor, could possibly be like you, who have an estate and a jest book.—Honest fellow, every body knows, is a title not to be thrown away, but conferred solely on harmlessly-roaring rakes, who are so denominated, as the figure-mongers term it, καὶ ἐξοχὴν.

I have nothing to do with any such meaning at present. I say, *Obadiab* had been long unsuspected of the least want of fidelity ; that is, he did not only not steal any thing from my father, such as wine, or shillings, or such loose goods ; but he always did that moment what he was bid. He came sooner back on an errand than any other, (and that not owing to his superior agility, for he was far enough from

from *πῶδας ἀνὸς*) and, at his return, went immediately to my father with his business; because he had no occasion to loiter away half an hour in the kitchen contriving a lying excuse for staying by the way.—For brushing a furtout, japanning a boot, and cutting a cucumber, he needed turn his back to no man. And what is very extraordinary, with all these great endowments sufficient, one would think, to stretch out the neck of any man; he was extremely diffident of his own opinion, and moderate in speaking of his performances.—When flatterers would have made him believe of himself more than was meet, he was constantly observed, with great calmness, to doubt whether they knew the World. He had reason, he said, to conjecture, that

there were many in the three kingdoms strangers to him and them, who were his equals in all respects.

This very humble judgment of himself, was carried, perhaps, to too low a degree of condescension to other mens understandings.—Heartily do I wish it had been possible to transfer a little self-abasement from *Obadiab Stirrup-iron*, to my aunt *Dinah Shandy*, widow! both might have been benefited by the change. But as this was not done, it is the duty of an historian to say, that *Obadiab's* abundant modesty came once or twice very near raising a cry of irreligion against him.—Except when the discourse concerned his own excellency, he perpetually sided with the sentiments that were uttered in his presence. This was the substance of
what

what could be alledged against him. Which (strange as it may seem) was done by the very persons to whose wisdom he submitted.—[Without knowing or having the least reason to believe you are of a different opinion, there are some most unaccountable people in the world, who will quarrel with you barely for not contradicting them.] Circumstances of this kind had frequently befel *Obadiab*; and he was summoned before a committee of wenches in the kitchen, openly to give an account of himself and his sayings. The consequence of which, was the cook's declaring she would inform her master that he harboured an atheist under his roof; though all her proof against humble *Obadiab* rested in this, that when she herself protested the devil's

feet were neither of them cloven, *Obadiab* smiled an assent.

Her complaint was never carried in form to my father ; and, if it had, my father would not have been greatly alarmed by it.—But it was proper to mention this waxen mind of *Obadiab's* ; that all men may wonder the more, when they hear of the sudden alteration that was made in his carriage and deportment.

He was wandering slowly through a pasture one evening (it was about the 30th of *April*) unheeded, as he believed, by every living thing on the earth beneath ; when the lagging wings of an owl rising from the grass, called up his eyes to about the height of one yard from the ground. Unluckily for him, as it afterwards appeared,

peared, there sat directly before him *Elizabeth Dairy* milking a cow: who being likewise alarmed with the fluttering of feathers, called off her eyes too for one instant from the falling udder of the cow; and, in that unfortunate instant, with some scattered glances that passed the owl, shot ill-fated *Obadiab* in the breast.

From that moment he was the reverse of every thing he was before. No hero in the metamorphoses, though changed into frog, reed, philosopher, or fish-pond, is more unlike his former self, than *Obadiab* in love with *Elizabeth*, was unlike *Obadiab Stirrup-iron*, or * *Mr. Obadiab*, when simply my father's serving man.

* The ancients, whose manner of writing is so deservedly admired for its simplicity, often

CH A P. XXIV.

I DO not know whether there was a well-grounded reason for it ; but I was afraid the last chapter was going to run on to a vast length, if left to itself. I have accordingly bid it defiance, and begun a new one.

overload their periods out of pure good will. That we may be ignorant of nothing, they inform us both how an hero was named in heaven by Gods, and on earth by men. Not foreseeing, that by this being done in a sentence where something else of importance is related, we would be obliged (poor shallow moderns !) to drop one or the other piece of information.—I am afraid I have been led astray in the last sentence of this chapter by their example. In future ages, a race of men may arise more stupid still than we are. Yes ;—surely then it had been better to have made a period on purpose to say, that *Obadiab* was, in the parlour, *Obadiab Stirrupiron*, or simply *Obadiab* ; but always in the kitchen with *Mrs. Molly*, *Mr. Obadiab*.

And

And now, young gentleman, if you are past the age of eighteen; or, if you, Miss, are past any teen at all,—you can partly tell what a sad thing it is to be in love. Alas! alas! how sorely was he smitten! and, unable as he was to describe his case, how could he rationally hope to be cured?

Obadiab, for one whose tongue had never been tied fast by hard study, was very singularly unapt at easy speeches. No pale *Ratiocinator* at *Cambridge*, who has wasted his youthful spirits for seven years together over *Burgersdicius*, would think it harder to be shut up six hours with as many merciless female wits; than he, to speak before any woman except my father's maids. Before them, he was rather free than otherwise; for, mind it when you will, you

will find, that when once a bashful man has been forced into familiarity by unavoidable contingencies, he is very prone then to say more than another, who has not half his modesty. Much less therefore to be lamented his circumstances had been, had *Elizabeth Dairy* been Mrs. *Molly*, one of my father's maids. He could then, besides the advantage just mentioned, have seized an opportunity to bring up his woes upon her unawares. Imperceptibly almost might he have glidden from one thing to another, till he had touched the borders of his petition. But this the fates (hard-hearted jades as they are!) refused to grant.

All men, who are not professedly speakers, dread the thoughts of delivering a formal oration; though there
may

may be little to apprehend from their bad success in it. And what did *Obadiab* fear, or rather what did he not fear from the desperate attempt that was now become necessary? he imagined himself beginning to declare, and *Elizabeth* as soon beginning to look sour. At the bare idea of her frowns to come, his knees knocked an hundred times one against the other. But what could he do? his wound, without the most proper care, he saw, would soon turn a gangrene; and nothing less must be put in practice than a regular attack on the strongholds of *Elizabeth*.

Having established himself, as he thought, in his resolution, he bad adieu for that night to sleep; and, when the
hour

hour of bed-time arrived, laid himself down with his cloaths on, and one hand under his head, to aid his nocturnal meditations. What these concerned, it is not very difficult to guess; but whether he really slept or not, I confess, is not in my power to determine. If it can give any light in a matter so uncertain, it need not be unobserved, that about three of the clock in the morning he was heard to cry in a struggling murmuring voice, “ O
 “ cruel *Elizabeth!* wilt thou not?
 “ wilt thou not?”——But this, I say again, is a nice point, and I venture on no decision. What follows in the next line is as clear as noon, that he performed much better than himself or any other body could have expected from him,
 when

when the hour of his access to the fair one arrived.

Elizabeth (to do her justice) was not so insufferably perverse as *Obadiab* once thought he saw cause to apprehend. She did not withhold some half-formed sighs of compassion, when she was acquainted with the dangerous state of his case. And, when she knew he had waited the whole afternoon in the pasture for the possibility of being heard by her at the cow in the evening; it is commonly reported, she came very near offering one of those ocular invitations that lovers so seldom mistake.

Obadiab could not forbear setting before him some thin parings of happiness, on which he fed with resignation for the present, hoping better fare in
time

time to come, as well for *Elizabeth* as himself.

Here, madam, I turn short, and insist on your finding out how a few days passed between him and her; when I tell you plainly, that at the expiration of these few days, *Obadiab* was well satisfied that *Elizabeth*, with all appurtenances whatsoever to her pertaining, was as surely to be his, as that he was obliged to go when the parlour bell rung.—

But of a very short duration, is the beauty of the picture of human felicity! often when we adventure to bid fortune kiss our backside, she gives us such a kick on the breech as none of us can like!

It was one evening, when not a soul inhabiting the kitchen besides himself
was

was at home, that *Obadiab* was charmed with a visit from *Elizabeth*. When and where, after various little prettinesses of vast importance in love, as *Obadiab* was on his back on a form, and *Elizabeth* was looking into his eyes, and tickling his eye-brows with her finger; inconsiderately raising his head in an hurry alack-a-day! he let fall his perriwig.—[Alack-a-day?—yes; alack-a-day! what? you think me an ass to cry alack-a-day here. Do you? hold your tongue, I tell you. No, no; *mutato nomine de te*, and so forth.]

Not the cackling of the *Roman* geese brought more safety to the capitol, than the sudden dropping of his well-ordered curls did danger to *Obadiab*.—*Elizabeth's* whole family, male and female, from *Thomas Dairy*, coachman,

to *Cardinal Wolfey*, down to her the said *Elizabeth*, were remarkable for having hair of the finest brown, in natural ringlets that far surpassed the skill of barbers to come up with. — She paused for about half a second, as scarcely crediting her own eyes, when being compelled to come into a thorough persuasion of the matter, she flew like a flash of lightening to the farthest part of the room, crying out, and spitting on her fingers, “ Oh ! filthy, filthy monster.” — Were you wafted away, good Sir, in a dream from the bed of your peaceful spouse, and set down on the other side of the sea in the middle of ten thousand *Indians* armed with scalping knives ; you could not, for the blood of you, look more than half so much astonished as *Obadiab*

diab did.—As soon as he had recovered himself enough to speak, he strove, by all the downy words and tender names he could think of, to appease her; but she was too far gone!—He would have given the wealth of *Ormuz* to find out the cause of her distraction; for he could not conceive or imagine what was the matter with her.—But before both the *Indies* became his own to purchase an explanation with, she bestowed it on him gratis, beginning as before, “Oh! filthy, filthy monster!” and going on, “Oh! faugh! a nasty red-haired fellow!”—He now protested his innocence in the most solemn manner, called earth and sea to witness, how free from guile, how full of honesty his intentions were. He assured her till his breath was gone, that she was
 mis-

mistaken ; declared his readiness to refer the matter to any unprejudiced person, who was a competent judge ; and called down a million of curses upon his mischievous head, if the hairs that grew upon it, were any thing more than light ginger. To ease her for the present moment, he begged of her with her own eyes to examine him again and again ; and, if from the crown of his head, to the soles of his feet, she found three red hairs, he would suffer her, or any deputy she would be pleased to appoint, to pluck these devoted hairs up by the roots with pincers seven times heated.—This, as my father has affirmed time after time, was as fair and equitable a proposal as mortal man could make. But *Elizabeth* was inexorable ; and nothing less would serve her

her

her turn than to part downright for ever. After numberless unsuccessful endeavours to turn off the torrent of her railing, he departed from her, and, regardless of what my father might say or swear for the want of him, wandered all night in the fields. He uttered the wailings of his despair in such piercing expressions, as might, by the hands of a poet, have been modelled into no despicable elegy. Yet was there nothing he could speak and write he could not (though love commanded him over and over) that was in the least likely to move the hardened *Elizabeth*. To effect which, however, he could not, for the kingdom, cease to wish. Sometimes he thought of going again to the place where he first beheld her, and hanging himself

on an oak tree hard by, on which he had observed a branch very favourable to his purpose. Assuredly, said he to himself, she cannot view me extended in a halter, and not reach out her finger and thumb to cut me down. She will know right well it is for her I die. She must compassionate me then. O cursed, cursed, colour red!—

For about the space of one minute, *Obadiab* was resolved to put this sage expedient in practice.—But the truth is, a man in his circumstances is as liable to change, as he is vehement in his protestations. The next minute he had a new thought, or more properly an improvement of the old one, as you shall hear immediately.—

Three days before this ill-betiding evening, when he and she were mutually

tually pleased with one another; he had heard her say, that had she in the kitchen at her own disposal, and for her proper use such a milk-pot as her master's was, which stood on his tea-board in an afternoon (for expecting no company but his wife, he rarely produced it in a morning)—had she, I say, such an old-fashioned milk-pot of her own, she should be the happiest of hard-working maids.

[Very wonderful it is that *Elizabeth* should be in love with what was old, and within an ace too of being ugly. But I am no *Tacitus*, and only pretend to recount things as they happened, without perplexing myself with their causes.—Something of this sort should have been said many pages ago. For it is ten pounds to a dead horse's hoof,

that actions have been related of, and qualities attributed to, persons in this work; whose characters, more than one will suppose, were far enough from a probability of producing such and such things. But let no dapper fauce-box give me the lie; rather let him look carefully around him for one week, in which time he may see, if he has any eyes, that no *Englishman* is all of a piece.]

This Milk-pot, which *Elizabeth* so ardently longed to possess, was the remaining one of two milk-pots exactly alike, which her master once had. The other had been presented to my father, as an acknowledgment on my mother's becoming pregnant of me. For it was the custom of Counsellor *Briton* (that was the name of *Elizabeth's*

betb's master) to make a present to any one in his neighbourhood, on the first notice of his having begotten a child. These presents to ordinary people, were a peck of coals, half a dozen loaves, a fitch of bacon, beef, ale, flour, or some such thing; but to my father, and other men of eminence, he usually gave a piece of plate, which commonly became the property of the child, whose voyage into this world had procured it.—But I feel some strong forebodings that we shall have occasion by and by to be better acquainted with Counsellor *Briton*.—Down there, Counsellor, if you please, in that chair, for your picture!

CHAP. XXV.

FROM an obelisk already erected to his memory by himself in one of his meadows, it appears that he was born in the year 1689, in the same house where he now lives. He is a man of prodigious strength for his years, and of very uncommon strength without that consideration. He is six feet three inches in height, and measures about twenty-two inches between the tips of his shoulders. His legs and arms are both very large, but without one handful of flesh. The whole of that was reserved for his belly, which is rather prominent than otherwise, and no more. His complexion was once fresh, but at present is pretty much tinc-

tinged with that fallow, which so many summers and winters seldom fail to bestow. His coat, waistcoat, breeches, and stockings are generally of dark russet, accompanied by a good ruffled shirt, and tarnished lace on his hat. But when any extraordinary piece of good luck befalls him, he then wears a suit of superfine raven grey, a pair of *Dresden* ruffles on his shirt, buckles to his shoes, and a fresh golden border on his beaver. In both cases, his periwig is the same; that is to say, one that was fashioned immediately after the death of *William* the third, of glorious and immortal memory our deliverer from popery and slavery. More need not be said of it, except that it totally lost its buckle in the beginning of the reign of *George* the first; and,

as it has not yet regained it, it may be presumed it never will.—Such is his body, and such its environs.

CHAP. XXVI.

DOWN again, Counsellor, for your soul !

Mr. *Briton* dearly loves to tell a story, the longer the better, and especially when himself is the hero of it. One article of his creed is, that human merit consists chiefly in honesty and impudence ; of both which virtues, but more particularly of the latter, he speaks in high terms. The subject, on which he exhausts all his rhetoric, is, he thinks, compounded of these two : I mean, the propagation of
man-

mankind. He often protests, that there is nothing pertaining to old age half so grievous, as an incapacity to increase the species. It were idle therefore to hint, that he has, in better days than the present, done notable things that way. And now, to prove the sincerity of his good will, and make the best of a bad matter, he loses no opportunity of spurring on those that are younger and better adapted than himself to so beneficial an office. If ever there should come a time, he says, when *Britain* shall reward its best and truest friends; the man, who has begot thirty babes, will then have thirty thousand pounds a year in undeniable freehold.—But none is a greater enemy to whoring, as it is practised in *London* and other large towns.

When he has stirred up the wrath of any body (which is not unfrequently the case) he is never known himself to appear angry ; but with an endless fund of ludicrous allusions first increases, and at last abates the fury of his antagonist. His behaviour, as far as the freedom of speech is concerned, is precisely the same to the great and the little ; to the Duke of *Cumberland*, and the man who makes tinder.—He is no friend to unnecessary repetitions of the commonest offices of life ; and, to avoid giving himself often the trouble of replenishing a punch-bowl for his company, commonly serves up two gallons at once.—When he is from home, he loves to be distinguished from the vulgar run of dust-raisers ; and finding it a difficult matter to outdo
other

other charioteers in proud liveries and scornful paintings, he has hit on an easy and cheap method of being alone in this respect, which is, by having the ugliest equipage of any subject the king has. Instead of an idle fleering coat of arms, with a motto that no man on the road can read; he records upon his vehicle the good or bad fortune that falls to his lot, written in the plainest *English*, and the most legible characters. Whence it happens that the same inscription seldom lasts him longer than a month. [You, Sir, are a scholar,—you know that the generations of men are like the leaves of trees. And how much more perishing and transitory are their triumphs and disappointments!]

—To day, perhaps, there valorous words in black

set

set forth how he has subdued a misfortune that was rising upon him; and none knows but to-morrow may see an injury that he has been obliged to put up with recited in letters white and glistering. In this his choice of colours too, he is—himself. Black being the robe of amorous midnight, is, he thinks, a fit emblem of delight: as white, which is the hue of calamitous day-light, with equal propriety typifies sorrow and tribulation.—This is as much of him as we shall want.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

YOUR honour will excuse me, said corporal *Trim* to my uncle *Toby*. I am sure your honour will.—Why, what hast thou been guilty of, *Trim*? said my uncle.—Nothing in the world, a'n't please your honour, answered *Trim*, but what you commanded me. I have thrown up the scarp, I may venture to say, to your honour's mind. To speak a bold word, (and no bolder than true) there is not such a fosse within many a mile.—I believe, said my uncle, to speak a bold word in turn, there is not within many a mile a man so well acquainted with.—I beg your honour's pardon for interrupting
you

you, said *Trim* ; but I beg you will not praise me much. I have enemies, I assure your honour, a great number of Enemies.—I was not going, said my uncle, to say more of you than you deserve. But how comes it, *Trim*, that you talk of having enemies? I thought you and I had left our enemies in *Flanders*. It is hard indeed, if they quarrel with us at home for being wounded abroad in their defence.—Ay, very hard, said *Trim*, to leave *Landen* and *Namur* with splintered bones, and come home to.—But what I would say to your honour, your honour knows to be true. A man is never master of any science without being envied by his acquaintance.—That may be, said my uncle, when his acquaintance consists of blockheads. But
 what

what must I excuse you for? I do not see, man, in all this, how thou canst be to blame.—I only wanted, a'n't please your honour, to tell you a story.—If it be a true one, speak on, by all means. You did not take it out of any romance; did you, *Trim*?—I read romances! blest your honour! said *Trim*, it is nothing but what I saw myself with these two eyes.—Saw a story with these two eyes, *Trim*?—Blest your honour! you will not joke on your humble *Trim*. I was going to beg leave to tell you only what I heard and saw.—You did not use, said my uncle, to be so mealy-mouthed. Such a begging and praying for leave to speak is not the custom here, *Trim*.—To be sure, said *Trim*, your honour is very good. When I have any thing
to

to offer concerning the science of fortification, I speak my poor judgment without ceremony; because it was your honour's orders that I should. I am certain I would not propose any thing that I did not think was for your honour's good. I wrote to my poor mother, to let her know I was in good health, and what a happy life I lead. And she exhorted me (she was always a good mother to me) to lay out my endeavours to please your honour. She bids me read good books (for that matter fortification is not wicked) and be thankful for such a master as I have got. I am sure I have minded what she said. I am not ungrateful; if it was in my power to serve your honour better than *Trim* can pretend to, your honour should be as welcome as May.—

As

As welcome as *May*? *Trim*, said my uncle, what makes you use that comparison? what have you to do with *May*, my boy?—Your honour knows, said *Trim*, waving his hand (as he always did in speaking on subjects of great importance) that we go much more briskly on with our bastions and lunettes in the summer.—I have wished a thousand times for warm weather, when I lay in a cold camp in *October* in *Flanders*. These days are over, a'n't please your honour. I believe there are but few, I can say no less, that have seen what your honour and *Trim* have seen.—Well! said my uncle, I have a value for you, *Trim*. I believe you know it.—Why, truly, said *Trim*, I have used my weak endeavours in your service. I am not unthankful,

as my mother says, for my good master. But I was going to say, a'n't please your honour, that as I was crossing the fields, I met *Obadiab*.—News of importance, *Trim*! what, I suppose my brother had sent him on an errand to Counsellor *Briton's*. You pick up an abundance of intelligence.—I think, said *Trim*, a'n't please your honour, I never knew your honour so merry.—Really, honest *Trim*, said *Toby*, I value thee. But how could you be so comical? here you have spent half an hour in apologising for a speech; and, when it comes—you met *Obadiab* this morning! undoubtedly, *Trim*, that was not to be concealed!——I know, my dear master, said *Trim*, for all you may love to be a little jocular, you are always angry if you do not hear of the
dis-

distresses of your neighbours. You can pity a man (bless your honour!) though he be but a poor servant like *Trim*.—Do you make it appear, said my uncle, that there is any thing pitiable in this affair of meeting *Obadiab*. And, when you have done that, I have reserved a little compassion, which is at your service, *Trim*.—Nay, Sir, said *Trim*, I am very well myself; I want for nothing, thank your honour; but for poor *Obadiab*.—Alas! alas! said my uncle, you met *Obadiab*!—I fear, said *Trim*, the poor fellow will come to an untimely end. I remember when he and I went a swimming together.—What do you remember, *Trim*? said my uncle.—I remember, said *Trim*.—Your honour knows the deep hole in the river, where Counsellor *Briton's*

grey horse galloped in. *Obadiab* and I went to swim; and no place in the world would serve him but that black hole. I was innocent; I thought he could swim like a duck, a'n't please your honour. Well! plash he went in off the bank, before I had stript off my shirt. And when he did not make haste up again as I should have done, I called to him. Hollo! *Obadiab*! said I.—Did you think, said my uncle he could hear your hollo in the water? —I am not positive in that, said *Trim*; but it was the best thing I could do in my fright.—But pray did he come up again? said my uncle.—Come up! replied *Trim*; bless your honour! he might have lain there till now if—— What makes you stop, *Trim*? said my uncle.—But it is thy modesty. I suppose

pose he might have lain there till now if——Till now! dear Sir, said *Trim*; he might have lain there this hundred years, if I had not leapt in, shirt and all, to save him.—I thought, *Trim*, said my uncle, you were in your shirt, when he went in. Could not you pull it off while you were giving the loud hollo you speak of?—No, a'n't please you, said *Trim*. Your honour is the best judge whether or no a man can do two things at once. When we were in *Holland*, I overheard a *Dutchman* tell your honour of a countryman of his, who never did more than one thing at a time.—Very extraordinary again! *Trim*, said my uncle; you have a good memory.—To be sure, said *Trim*, my mother does say that I have a memory for goodness, if I will but make use

of it.—But the *Dutchman* said his friend was very remarkable for doing a great deal of business.—That is the long and the short of the affair.—

Trim, said my uncle, you have an incomparable knack at telling a story to the best advantage.—I? Sir, said *Trim*.

No, no; your honour I dare say, could tell it as well, if you had a mind to try: or, I am sure, your honour's brother could.—Merit, my honest *Trim*, said *Toby*, is always very modest.

Prythee what about *Obadiab*.—Alack!

Sir, said *Trim*, I had like to have forgot *Obadiab*. *Obadiab*! *Obadiab* indeed!

(accented as when you find more guts in a man's brains than you expected, and put to something of a comical use) *Obadiab* has done a fine thing!—What has he done, I say,

James?

James? said my uncle tired of his circumlocution.—I beg pardon, Sir, said *Trim*. A'n't please your honour I met him going across the fields with a silver milk-pot.—A mighty matter! where was the harm of that?—Harm enough; your honour shall hear, said *Trim*. There has been a quarrel between *Obadiab* and his sweet-heart about his hair.—I beg I may know, *Trim*, said my uncle, what *Obadiab's* hair has to do with the milk-pot.—Woe's me! said *Trim*, his hair is red! ———You run farther and farther off, *Trim*, said my uncle. Red hair, and a white milk-pot! things very near a kin!—It seems, said *Trim*, *Elizabeth* objected to his red hair.-----And so he intends, said my uncle, to make it up, by giving her a white milk-

pot---does he? a rare invention! but pr'ythee *Trim*, had he a head for this? I fancy you are at the bottom of it.—He a head! bless your soul! I told your honour before, his is a red head.—And for me to be at the bottom of it!—I would not for a colonel's pay. He did not come honestly by it.---My heart misgives me he did not come honestly by it.---Who then, said my uncle, do you suspect, put him upon it?-----Suspect! said *Trim*, I wonder at your honour; the devil, to be sure.----My uncle whistled.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

YORICK was not one, who believed himself a wise man and a saint, and all the rest of the world blockheads and scoundrels. And, as he saw himself not superior to all others, so he was always the first to own it. He spoke of his own imperfections exactly in the same manner as his neighbour's, without the least alleviation, and without considering whether he should get good or ill by it.

Out of the many proofs, that might be brought of this, I shall produce only one.---He had in his younger years, it seems, been a passionate admirer of the poets: and, as it is sometimes difficult

ficult not to attempt yourself what you see so well done by another, he made many trials whether or not it might ever be in his power to write a good poem. But being convinced, by repeated experiments, that it never would ; he put an end to the idle toil, by writing what, in his wild way, he called

A Form of Confession for YORICK.

Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores.

HOR.

Leaf after leaf, and bit by bit,
To wrap up wash-balls, must submit.

IN criss-cross days, ere yet my right
began,

To rule the pen and ink of writing
man,

With open ears I listen'd to a song,
Fair rose, or catskin, full of love and long.

Not

Not that I for the passion car'd a pin,
But for the murm'ring of poetic din.

“ Sweet nusse, I cry'd and wept, if
e'er thy care,

“ Was how to wipe a wat'ry eye, for-
bear !

This filthy primer is but wasting time--
Oh ! let me, let me learn to read in
rhyme !”

Both long and loudly was the pray'r
preferr'd ;

At last (a woman will at last) she
heard.

Then *Pomfret's* poems bound and gilt
I read ;

And being much be-mus'd one night
in bed,

Soon broken slumbers far my fancy bore,
On a great deep, from common sense's
shore,

Now

Now did the sea subside, now seem to
roll,

Now wreck, in waves of syllables, my
soul ;

Now lost in darkness all around me lay,
Now bright as brightness of homeric
day.

Could mortal man from vanity re-
frain,

When thus a voice of music from the
main ?

“ Behold a bard, by all the muses
meant,

“ To eccho nature, from the north of
Trent !”

In dreams, they say, the devil spends
his spite---

I wak'd, and thought my destiny to
write.

Piece

Piece after piece my tainted brain confessed ;

And he was still believ'd who prais'd in jest.

A father aw'd, and friends advis'd in vain ;

Full soon I wallow'd in the mire again.
Till lost to prose and profit was my youth---

Forgive me, *Phæbus*, for I tell the truth.

Guilt, when it scapes, redoubles bad designs---

I plann'd a poem of ten thousand lines;
Laid pompous nouns and far-fetched rapture by,

And strung up fresh-cull'd similies to dry.

But

But conscience, that had been asleep
or sick,
Rose from her bed, and cut me to the
quick.

No word she deign'd, but pointed to
my view,

Two chosen bards of *Britain*, good and
true.

The life and soul of song was in their
lay---

Pretending I confounded flunk away ;
And, since my betters were so far out-
done,

Resolv'd forthwith to mend the ways of
one.

Know all men then, these presents
do declare,
Their writer for the future will for-
ear !

Let

Let me, my brethren, be asham'd and
show it,

The mimic of the mimic of a poet !

Ye nine hard-hearted nymphs, that
once I woo'd,

By sighs and sleepless mornings un-
subdu'd,

Henceforth I but harangue the crowded
pews,

Of maidens met with less relentless
views.

From forc'd-meat song your former
suppliant ceases,

And saves his ink to split his text to
pieces.

So, since ye will but smile on whom ye
will,

Ev'n let the man ye like be happy still.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

PÉTER *le Loyer* born in 1540, at *Huillé*, a village of *Anjou* in *France*, used to shew some verses written by *Homer*; which, he said, contained a prophecy full of the glory of himself.---Well he might! for in this single line

Πέτρος Λωέριος, Ανδένκαος, Γάλλος, Υλείη.

he saw not only his own name and the name of his family; but the village, province, and kingdom where he was born.

It might have been a great while before I could have brought myself to believe *Monsieur Loyer* in earnest, or in his wits; had not something similar
hap-

happened also to me.—But there is a strange conformity of sentiment in us great authors.—Whenever my nurse (you remember it, old mother!) whenever my nurse had occasion to sing me to peace, she had as constantly an occasion to hem; so that her song run something in this manner, hush hem, hush hem, gently hem, &c. This, in these early hours of life, I put an interpretation upon not at all to my own disadvantage.

[How very easily, and how almost naturally with some people do errors in opinion get footing!—I suppose a grown gentleman, who cannot see any thing but darkness visible in hush hem, hush hem, gently hem, accounts for his own blindness in this manner without parting with a grain of his self-

conceit. He affirms, that the soul, when she begins her campaign, is much brisker and better able to go through hard duty, than when she has been fatigued and oppressed with continual watchings and severe operations for every minute of many years.—But nothing is more wide of the matter. The soul, as my father knew full well, acts but awkwardly at first getting into office, to what she does after a long course of practice. The thing, my good lad, is this;—you are now, and always were exceeding dull. And were you altogether as young as your humble servant was, and in his place; hush hem, hush hem, gently hem, had still been *Greek* and *Latin* to you.—But this was not the case with *Tristram*.]

I have

I have already shewn undeniably by what has been flily scattered here and there, that I know as well as some others, how to make much of a little learning : or I have a rare opportunity of bringing in the ἔργον ἐκείνῳ, that so pleased to the very life the great speaker of *Athens*. But, as I say, it is needless. However, nothing could to me seem more obvious, clear and natural, than that hush hem, hush hem, gently hem, pronounced plainly to every one less stupid than a stone, *Tristram Shandy*, gentleman. I repeat it over again, for I heard the good woman assert fifty times in a day that there was come (I heard it as plainly as I do now in every coffee-house in the town) that there was come into the world one who would make the world stare, and

that his name was *Tristram Shandy*, gentleman.—My imagination used to wander on this subject to a prodigious distance, being (I am almost ashamed to say it,) even when a new-born child, strongly biaſſed in favour of the author of this book.

But I could never for my heart be displeased with being put out of a brown study, by the entry of Dr. *Slop*. [If you do not begin to find a gay conceit arise in your mind, turn to the frontispiece of volume the first.]—No sooner did he approach the bed where I lay, than I felt within me what would have produced, had my body been at my soul's bidding, a most hearty fit of cachinnation. However, as I could not tell how to vend my mirth conveniently, it lasted the longer; so
that

that I have forgot almost every word he gravely said to my mother; and it was a full half hour at least before I could resolve on thinking there was any thing not to be laughed at in the possession of a little, squat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor *Slop*, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a sesquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a serjeant in the horse-guards.—

Let us laugh it out, and begin a new chapter.

CHAP. XXXI.

MY father came up stairs and kissed my mother once, and me twice. After he had done, Dr. *Slop* turning round made him a bow, and told him he had taken care to bring what was necessary for his lady and child.—Have you, Doctor? said my father. I do not know what may be necessary for my wife: or, if I do, I must not pretend to mention it. She is too wise for that; but I believe I may venture to say what I look upon as most necessary for my son;—which is, without doubt, a continual succession of clean clouts.—I am sorry, Mr. *Shandy*, said the doctor, to differ from
you

you in any thing.—Sorry to differ ! said my father ; are not clouts most necessary for him ? is there any man-midwife, is there an accoucheur in the county can deny it ?—The doctor waxed not warm. He begged pardon again ; but, by directly quoting *Smellie*, *Burton*, *Chamberlain*, and every other doctor that has wrote about women and children, he engaged my father in a long bewildered string of argumentations.—

I wish, my dear, said my mother, for your own good, you had for once let me have my way. Little need had there been for all this conversation between the doctor and you.—Conversation ! said my father ; your term is very lax and gentle, madam. I think what we have been at looks as much

like dispute and controversy as one egg looks like another.—My dear, said my mother, I thought talking had been conversation.—There again! said my father, talking is conversation! so it may be.—But I would fain know if conversation and talking be always dispute and controversy!—I beg, my jewel, you will come a little closer to precision upon such subjects as you meddle with. As well may you call the glass of water required for a mouthful of punch, the sea or the ocean.—Unfortunate woman that I am, said my mother, to be kept in this wilderness! I might have been free from this vexation.—Unfortunate man that I am! said my father, there is no such thing as keeping this woman to one topick for a quarter of a minute. She flies off,

off, by *Jupiter*! as far as the peak of *Teneriffe*.—I do not fly, said my mother, [nor want to fly neither to the peak of *Teneriffe*, nor the peak of *Derby*: I only wish I could have flown to *London*. By that means, my dear, you might have saved the expence of a coach. This poor babe will be ruined here! for saving the trifle of a few dirty guineas, we must be stewed in this cat-hole!—What, said my father, I suppose your lying-in women in *Middlesex* have the liberty of going out in the month! otherwise, my dear, you are a little unintelligible again.—I will venture to be confident in this, that there is as good air in this house as in any first floor in *London*.—Mayhap, said the doctor, the lady thinks the affections may be better hit in *London* than

than elsewhere. In the *Principia Medicinæ Philosophica*, it is made manifest, that the inclination and good will of the patient are required to hasten a cure.—Pray, friendly Doctor *Slop*, said my father, what curing is there in the case? I do not see that my wife's is a distemper. I am sure, it is in consequence of a very natural action. Distempers, I take it, doctor, are the effects of irregularity in eating, drinking, or--or--or—you understand me, doctor. I hope you do not imagine there is any thing of that kind in the question at present.—Sir, you surprise me, said the doctor. Is it possible I could imagine any such thing?---Undoubtedly, replied my father, you know best yourself what you say; but I thought you talked of a cure.----I did hope, said the doctor,

doctor, to have the honour of curing Mrs. *Shandy*, your lady, Sir.----Pray, my dear, said my mother, do not puzzle the doctor.---I am obliged to you, madam, said *Slop*; let us hope there is no great fear.---Oh! but there is, said my mother. I am sure it grieves me many a time that I cannot understand Mr. *Shandy* better.---You might, my dear, said she to my father, one would think, you might submit to.---I will submit, said my father, as soon as you please, to sense. Do but convince me, madam, or you, Sir, by sound reason.---When I am, said *Slop*, in another gentleman's house.---Oh! no apologies! no apologies! pr'y'thee, good *Slop*, said my father, you are as welcome to exert your talents in *Shandy-hall*,

ball, as if it was your's and your heirs for ever.——

While affairs wore thus a gloomy face for Dr. *Slop*, very seasonably for him arrived my uncle *Toby*. He had not seen my mother before since her lying-in; and accordingly entered the room with a good deal of reserve and caution in his looks not unmixed with fear, like a man undetermined how he should act, or whether he should act at all.—Brother, said *Toby*, how do you do?—Dr. *Slop*, your humble servant. I hope—My father interrupted him first with a wink, and then looking to my mother's bed, as much as to say, brother *Toby*, do not you ask your sister how she does?—*Toby* found himself hemmed in on all sides, and feebly stretching his neck towards the bed,
said

said he, sister your servant,---(and instantly turning about again)---brother, you remember the last time.—My father winked and looked again as before, (intimating that he had not done enough, and insisting on a little more of the interrogatory stile to my mother) which quite confounded my uncle *Toby*. And, though he was, as it is well known, a man patient of injuries ; he was not proof against what he thought the severest usage, but retreated not in the best order down stairs.

C H A P. XXXII.

S.

SHANDY DINAH, the resemblance between Mr. *Radical* and her accounted for
 vol. 7. p. 42.
 Thought

Thought by many readers of the first
and second volume to be dead, and
why vol. 7. p. 42.

Why, on the coachman's death, she
took again the name of *Shandy* ib.

p. 59.

Shandy Tristram, abhors the sound of
ch—— ib. p. 112.

Shudders at meeting Mr. *Chapter--*
and--verse ib. ib.

Construes to his uncle *Toby*, *borum*,
barum, *borum*, being the motto from
Shakespear to an essay on common
women ib. p. 126.

Envies the felicity of five old fel-
lows he meets with at a coffee-house,
who, having fiddled away four fifths
of their span in the lighter arts of
trifling, can now sit contentedly for
three

three hours together, enjoying one anothers
dulness over *Gazettes* and *London Evenings*

ib. p. 133.

Swoons at the sight of a folio book ib. p. 147.

Had many serious reflexions on seeing his
first printed sheet. ib. p. 153.

CHAP. XXXIII.

AND now, O ye biographers, what
what would ye not give for a life like
mine!—Would not you, doctor, for one of
my worst opinions, freely barter your fine
new standish?—

You may look, and look again; but be
advised,—make pamphlets on the present
posture of affairs: or, if you would be wise
indeed, convert your paper into crackers for
the approaching peace. Rise not up, ah!
rise not up to rival me!—or expect to be
written down again by *Tristram Shandy*,
Gentleman.

